

The Strongest War God chapter 161-192

The Strongest War God chapter 161-The Yackley Family's Third Master This scene stunned many people. They thought that Harold Sage had gone crazy.

He had actually voted for this brat from the Neal family.

Harold's aloofness was well-known in Preston's circle. He was actually willing to quit and turn around to help Braydon Neal.

It was simply unbelievable!

!!

After all, the Sage family's withdrawal was to help Braydon with all their might.

Then, the Sage family's connections and the bosses who were close to the Sage family would all vote for Braydon.

When everyone had yet to recover from their shock.

"The Thomas family withdraws as well!" Grant Thomas said in a serious tone.

Just as he had finished speaking, he turned around and cast his vote for Braydon.

The two great families had given their all to help, and the votes were on Braydon.

The votes of two directors were equivalent to the votes of twenty ordinary members.

Such a turn of events caught everyone by surprise.

Even the members of the Chamber of Commerce who had good relations with the Thomas family and the Sage family did not know how to react.

Who should their votes go to?

At this moment, many people were anxious.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and chuckled.

“Everyone, please listen to me,” William Smith said in a low voice. “Since the establishment of the Preston Chamber of Commerce, we have always adhered to the principle of helping each other. We share our resources and information, and we all benefit from it!

“But the young master of the Neal family is an ancient martial arts practitioner. Since he’s a martial arts practitioner, why does he need to do business?”

“All the bosses here know that doing business is not about fighting, but about courage, ability, wisdom, and so on. So, if the president of the Chamber of Commerce is a young man, what kind of development will the Chamber of Commerce have?” ... William’s words were sharp, and he was obviously canvassing for votes.

Braydon was indifferent and did not bother to argue.

Harold stood up and said, “Second Uncle William, who said that ancient martial artists are all about fighting? Braydon is the best choice in all aspects. He is in charge of the investment department of the Neal Corporation and made a net profit of more than 20 billion dollars overnight. Who here can achieve such a feat?” His clear voice reverberated throughout the hall.

At this moment, no one needed to hide anything.

The ancient martial arts practitioners believed in the strong.

All the big bosses in the business world pursued profits. Everyone followed and listened to whoever was more capable.

In business, how many people have you seen who could not get over money?

As soon as these words came out, the crowd was all riled up.

If this was true, then the Neal family’s eldest young master was truly extraordinary.

No wonder he could attract Harold’s help!

“Harold, everyone knows about the marriage between the Neal and the Sage families,” Fabien Larson said calmly. “If nothing goes wrong, Braydon Neal will be the son-in-law of your Sage family in the future, your brother-in-law.

There's a limit to how much you can flatter him!" Harold glanced at Fabien, then at William.

Obviously, because the Sage and Thomas families had sided with Braydon, the relationship between the seven great families in the hall had become a little delicate.

The Smith family and the Larson family seemed to have an alliance.

The Yackley family's third master, Kevin Yackley, exuded a domineering aura from his thin body. "Cut the crap. Let's go straight to the votes. The votes are king. Don't waste time!" "Then, let's start the voting!" Fabien and William looked at each other and then at Theodore Quinn.

It was obvious that these two families wanted to pull the Quinn family over.

No matter what was said, the Quinn family was also one of the seven great families.

Although the Quinn family was in the last position, they also held a director position. One director vote was equivalent to ten ordinary votes.

More importantly, everyone knew that the Quinn family had been single-handedly raised by the Neal family to become one of the seven great families.

Therefore, to be able to win over the Quinn family was the best attack on the Neal family!

It was undoubtedly a slap in the face!

If the Neal family's dog had turned to vote for someone else. This was also a sign to the members of the Chamber of Commerce that they knew who they should support.

If Theodore supported Fabien, then who in the Chamber of Commerce would support the Neal family?

"Theodore, you don't seem to be in a good mood tonight!" William walked over and smiled.

"Second Brother William!" Theodore quickly replied.

“No need to be so formal with me,” William said enthusiastically. “I heard about the fall out between the Quinn family and the Neal family. The Neal family went a little too far. They kicked the Quinn family out completely and made you lose all your money.” Theodore forced a smile, but his heart was filled with hatred.

The Quinn family’s dozens of years of operation had been completely destroyed by Louis Neal.

The Quinn family was indeed in a crisis.

It was a huge debt crisis!

Fabien arrived quietly. “Theodore, don’t be discouraged. The Neal family can’t take over Preston’s new district alone. Right now, both of our families have big projects worth tens of billions. Funds have been drawn in from all sides. When it’s almost in place, we can bring the Quinn family along!” “One the project has been completed. If the Quinn family is involved, they can make at least ten points of profit from this project. The minimum is one billion!” William said quietly.

Theodore was tempted. To be able to cooperate with the Larson and Smith families was undoubtedly the biggest temptation for the Quinn family in this difficult situation.

Fabien chuckled. “The price to pay is very simple. I just need your votes to be on me. Think about it. You only have ten minutes!” Then, he and William turned around and left.

The number of votes on the screen kept increasing.

It was the era of technology now. There was no need to vote with pen and paper. One could vote anonymously by opening the website link on a mobile phone. It was simple, fast, and efficient.

Neither of them knew what the other was thinking!

Currently, there were seven directors.

Braydon Neal, 25 votes.

Fabien Larson, 19 votes.

William Smith, 8 votes.

Kevin Yackley, 31 votes.

Theodore Quinn, 0 votes.

Harold Sage and Grant Thomas had withdrawn from the voting and could not be voted on.

There was a total of 170 votes.

100 members were equivalent to 100 votes. The voting rights of the seven directors were equivalent to 70 votes.

What really exceeded everyone's expectations was the Yackley family's third young master, Kevin Yackley, who was ahead of everyone else!

At this moment, Fabien's face was dark as he looked at Kevin.

"The Yackley family's third master, you truly live up to your name, obtaining so many people's help in secret without anyone knowing!" He said in a low voice.

"Thanks for letting me win!" Kevin lightly smiled.

On the other hand, Harold's expression darkened. He never thought that his people would be silently pulled away by Kevin.

Grant's face was even gloomier.

He did not expect that he would be tricked as well!

This was how business was; there were no businessmen who were not unscrupulous!

There were no such things as solid allies. They were all profit-minded, and it was obvious that Kevin had given them more benefits.

In other words, other than the two votes from the Thomas and Sage families, there were only five people in the audience who voted for Braydon.

The votes were indeed a little low!

There were already 83 votes, and there were 87 votes left.

Without a doubt, apart from Harold and Grant, five director votes, which were equivalent to 50 ordinary votes, were held in the hands of the five great families.

In addition, there were 23 people who had not voted.

However, the votes were still moving.

Kevin looked at Braydon and smiled. "Young Master Neal, you can't vote on yourself. Why don't you and I vote for each other?" "I won't bother with such childish tricks." Braydon had actually rejected him.

Kevin's eyes flashed with a cold light. He did not expect to be rejected.

Theodore, who was not far away, could not help but walk toward Fabien.

"My second uncle has some thoughts in mind." Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

"Theodore Quinn, what are you doing?" Harold was furious.

The Strongest War God chapter 162-Suppressing Ten Thousand People, He was the Only One!

Theodore Quinn was going to vote for Fabien Larson?

He was Braydon's uncle and a relative of the Neals.

The Quinn family could be said to be the Neal family. The Neal family had single-handedly brought them into the seven great families, but now they were actually helping an outsider.

Who would not be angry if it happened to them!

!!

Harold Sage had not expected that the situation in the Chamber of Commerce would be so unfavorable to them.

Originally, it was a good start for the Sage and Thomas families in helping the Neal family to seize the president's position.

In the end, it was going to be destroyed in the hands of Theodore Quinn.

Braydon Neal chuckled and patted Harold's shoulder, telling him to calm down.

"I'll vote for Fabien Larson!" Theodore announced loudly.

All the members of the Chamber of Commerce were in an uproar.

The Quinn family didn't give their votes to the Neal family, but to the Larson family?

This was a public slap to the Neal family's face!

"Our own dog still bit us in the end." Liam Neal chuckled.

"It's not just one bite!" Even Kevin Yackley, an outsider, could not stand it.

He turned around and sneered. "The Larson family is good. They even managed to get the Quinn family's votes. It seems like they have paid a huge price!" "Thanks for letting me win!" Fabien's face was red.

Theodore's vote had played a key role.

This caused Fabien's votes to rise rapidly, surpassing everyone else's. The votes of the ordinary members were also given to him.

This was called adding flowers to a brocade!

They were all business bosses who were extremely shrewd. They did not want to offend anyone and hugged the thickest tree!

Director votes could not be voted on themselves, so Fabien and William Smith voted for each other.

Next, everyone had finished voting.

First place: Fabien Larson, 92 votes (including two director votes).

Second place: Kevin Yackley, 35 votes (some directors have abstained from voting).

Third place: Braydon Neal, 25 votes (including two director votes).

Fourth place, William Smith, 18 votes (including one director vote).

Braydon and Kevin did not vote.

Even if they voted for each other, they would not be able to shake Fabien's first place.

With such a number of votes, even the combined votes of Braydon and the other two could not match up to Fabien's. It was a complete defeat.

Harold Sage's eyes were filled with unwillingness. He did not expect to be defeated so badly.

It was actually a complete defeat.

He had been completely crushed!

Fabien looked at the crowd, focusing on Braydon's side, and cupped his hands. "Big Brother Neal, you let me win!" "There's nothing to it!" Louis Neal was not angry.

This matter was already set in stone, and it was useless to say more.

"President Cross, it's time to announce the new president!" William Smith said enthusiastically.

Younes Cross sighed lightly. He had not expected the Neal family to be defeated.

However, it had already become a fact. He could not lie with his eyes open and give the president's position to Braydon.

"Grandpa Younes," Braydon said with a smile, "just announce it. Don't make it difficult for yourself." "Child, you have a quiet personality and a scholarly air about you. How can you be the Northern King when you are like this?" The old man was getting on in years, and he really loved Braydon, so he could not help but criticize him.

Braydon laughed, feeling that it was a compliment.

In the northern territory, who would dare to say that the current Northern King was too scholarly!

This was complete nonsense!

Braydon was the commander of the northern army. He sat alone on the peak of the Mount Bliz and led the ten great armies of the north. The ten great ruthless men were all his subjects and had to be led!

All these years, when he intimidated the eight countries, he had killed hundreds of thousands of enemies with the Northern King sword!

Braydon's hands were covered with blood.

The killing intent was shocking!

He was even called a demon king by the eight countries outside the borders.

In the end, he was actually said to be scholarly.

On the other hand, he was saying that Braydon's personality was too good and gentle, so he would be easily bullied and would suffer losses outside.

Was the Northern King too gentle?

The Northern King, who pursued killing in protecting the world for years, was easily bullied?

Braydon looked helpless.

"I hereby announce that the second president of the Preston Chamber of Commerce is Fabien Larson!" Younes announced slowly.

"Congratulations, President Larson!" "Congratulations!" "President Larson, with your leadership in the future, the Chamber of Commerce will definitely prosper!" ... The crowd's praises were endless, all of them trying to please Fabien.

On the other hand, the Neal family's side was a little deserted.

Louis was prepared to leave.

Fabien's face was glowing as he laughed, "I still have to thank everyone for your love and support. I'll announce the candidate for the vice president..." "There's no rush!" Braydon stood with his hands behind his back.

William Smith's face was dark. He was helping Fabien because he wanted the vice president position and for the Smith family's benefit.

However, Braydon's shout to stop meant something.

Braydon's steps were like a tiger, and his aura was slightly released. The whole audience was silent as he walked to the seat on the high platform.

That was the position of the dragon head prepared for the new president!

Under the attention of thousands of people.

Braydon sat calmly, his deep eyes looking around the hall. An invisible majesty appeared on Braydon's body.

The moment this white-robed young man sat down, he was like a young sovereign.

Suppressing ten thousand people, he was the only one!

This aura.

As he sat there, the entire place was silent.

How could Fabien Larson compare to the Northern King's might?

In his dreams!

Braydon's left arm moved slightly, and the golden Qilin robe was wrapped around his body. He untied the Northern King sword from his waist and gently placed it in front of the chair, like the Northern King!

The ordinary chair looked like a dragon chair for Braydon.

At that moment, Old Master Younes no longer dared to say that Braydon was too scholarly.

This was clearly the young king of the north!

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "There's no need for that. I announce that the election for the third president has begun!" "What?" Fabien's nose was almost crooked from anger.

He had just become the second president of the Preston Chamber of Commerce, and it had not even been ten minutes since he became president.

He was actually f*cking choosing the next president?

Fabien had not even said anything about abdicating!

Before anyone could speak.

Braydon did not give them a chance to argue, "I've said it before. I want the position of the new president, so I have to convince the masses. How do I convince the masses?"

"This is the Preston Chamber of Commerce!"

"I won't use the Northern King's power to suppress you!"

"I won't use king-level strength to bully you!"

"Since it's the Chamber of Commerce, we'll do it according to its rules. I'll be the third president. It's not a competition. I'll be the president just like that!" ... A domineering aura appeared between Braydon's eyebrows!

It did not allow anyone to question him.

At this moment, the entire place was silent.

Fabien stomped his foot. "Where do you get your confidence from? What makes you think that everyone will support you?!" "On what basis? Is a trillion dollars enough?" Braydon's clear words were like thunder.

All the bosses in the hall felt their scalps go numb. They were truly shocked!

Investing in the new district of Preston with trillions of dollars?

This must be a joke!

Even in the provincial capital of Quill, the GDP last year was only just over a trillion.

In the end, he wanted to take out a trillion-dollar investment to invest in the new district of Preston?

This was not a joke!

At this moment.

Xandra Milton, who was wearing a black suit and had short hair, appeared in the living room with her long legs. Her beautiful face was cold and arrogant.

She gently brushed her hair behind her ears and said, "Young Master, one trillion dollars have been transferred to the Neal Corporation!" There was no doubt that Xandra, the president of PG Corporation's Asia Pacific Investment Group, was qualified to do so.

The one-trillion-dollar investment would cause the entire Preston's new district to undergo earth-shaking changes and quickly grow into the country's number one small city.

This represented an astonishing profit!

Everyone's eyes turned red. This was greed and ambition. It was not wrong at all for businessmen to pursue profits.

The atmosphere was explosive!

Braydon sat on the chair like the Northern King. He looked down at the crowd and asked, "I don't know if I, King Braydon, can convince the masses?" "I'm convinced!" Everyone's eyes were burning as they responded in unison!

The Strongest War God chapter 163-The New President, King Braydon The atmosphere gradually heated up.

Fabien Larson's face was ashen, and he was completely dumbfounded.

Even if he was beaten to death, he would never have thought that the duck that was in his hands would actually fly away.

"I'll be the third president of Preston Chamber of Commerce. Any objections?" Braydon's thin lips moved.

!!

"No!" Many people in the crowd, without exception, all agreed to let Braydon be the president.

As for Fabien, he stood rooted to the ground, not coming back to his senses.

His position as the president was gone just like that?

It was like a dream!

But that was reality.

Braydon came with a trillion dollars. Not to mention Fabien, even if the heavenly emperor were to come, he would not be able to match that.

The president of the Preston Chamber of Commerce would definitely be Braydon.

Under everyone's gaze, Braydon stood up indifferently. It was already dark outside, so he let Xandra Milton take full responsibility for the affairs of the Chamber of Commerce.

The Preston Chamber of Commerce was extremely influential, and they were all bosses of various industries.

Everyone was trying their best to develop the new district in Preston. Now that Braydon was the leader and had invested a large amount of money in Preston, the bosses present would definitely make a lot of money.

"So, you still had a backup plan." Harold Sage smiled bitterly.

Braydon smiled faintly. Since he dared to run for the president and did not take these experienced local tyrants seriously, he had naturally prepared a trump card.

The members of the Preston Chamber of Commerce were not fools.

Everyone realized that they could only make a fortune by following the Neal family.

As for the Larson family and the Smith family, their combined power was comparable to the Neal Corporation.

Braydon passed by the door, glanced at Theodore Quinn, and left.

Theodore's eyes were filled with despair. He represented the Quinn family and made another wrong bet today.

He had actually voted for Fabien Larson in front of everyone, once again embarrassing the Neal family.

In the end, he had fallen to such a state.

One could imagine that if Braydon took control of the Preston Chamber of Commerce, the Quinn family would have no way out!

If he had known all this, Theodore would have not voted for Fabien.

It was not without reason that the Quinn family had started to decline!

Looking at the Sage and Thomas families' choices, it was evident that despite having seven great families in Preston, the difference between them was huge.

In terms of foresight, the Quinn family could not compare to the Thomas and Sage families at all.

Theodore and the others had brought this upon themselves.

It was already 11 o'clock in the morning.

When Braydon returned to the villa, he saw a sneaky figure at the door. His eyes flashed with coldness, and his fingers gently touched the hilt of his sword.

As a result, when he got closer, Braydon did not know whether to laugh or cry.

The sneaky figure was Old Man Zito.

He was wearing a broken felt hat and was dirty all over, like a mason, taking bricks with cement to repair the holes in the wall.

This hole was made by Braydon during the day with the dragon gall spear.

"Old Man Zito, what are you doing?" Braydon was amused.

A War God level character like him must have had nothing better to do, to be building walls in the middle of the night without rest.

"I'm fixing the wall!" Old Man Zito said confidently.

"What I mean is, you can go to the accountant's room and pay 100,000 dollars to hire workers to fix it!" Braydon said.

Old Man Zito then revealed his stingy nature. “Pfft, 100,000 dollars? Even 100 dollars is more than enough. It’s enough to buy me delicious meat!” Braydon was speechless.

This made so much sense.

He was actually speechless!

Tristan Yandell walked out the door and said unhappily, “This old thing is very stingy. I asked him to find a mason to repair it, but he insisted on doing it himself, saying that it was a waste of money. The point is, I’ve been around the Neal family, and this manor covers dozens of acres, so do you think we don’t have the money to fix this bit of damage?” Tristan was speechless!

If word of this got out, everyone in the Neal family would probably find it embarrassing.

The Neal family’s manor covered an area of dozens of acres. Just the salary of the workers who trimmed the vegetation every day was more than this.

This was a wealthy family!

In the end, Old Man Zito was so stingy. He was scolded by Tristan for the whole afternoon for being a country bumpkin, just like Zayn Ziegler, that dog who did not know how to enjoy life.

In the Neal family manor, there was no need to worry about food and drink.

The residence was cleaned every day. He did not have to do the laundry and cooking. Someone was in charge of the manor.

Old Man Zito was not happy.

Braydon felt helpless.

Since Old Man Zito wanted to do it, then let him do it.

The old man used to live a carefree life in the countryside. He was so free.

In the end, Braydon had brought him to the Neal family manor, which made Old Man Zito a little bored.

In the living room, Braydon picked up the tablet on the table and swiped to unlock the screen.

The red numbers that kept refreshing on the screen represented the number of devices infected by the black sword virus.

It had already reached 15 million units.

“Little monkey, I’m afraid Namar won’t be able to sit still any longer. If they send someone to talk about the black sword virus, you’ll be in charge!” Braydon put down his tablet.

Tristan nodded.

Seeing that it was getting late, Braydon asked him and Old Man Zito to rest early.

Logan Hall was still awake. He still remembered what Braydon had told him. If a ninth-level martial artist wanted to break through to the warrior level, they could try to break through their limits.

Logan was where Old Man Zito was, carrying two bags of cement, each weighing one hundred pounds.

This strength was obviously stronger than an adult man’s strength.

A martial artist’s body was strong to begin with.

Logan carried the two bags of cement and ran through the Neal family’s manor at night. At first, his breathing was even, and with a hundred pounds of weight, running a few hundred meters was not a problem.

Gradually, his breathing became heavy, and beads of sweat appeared on the tip of his nose.

This was just a warm-up!

Logan’s eyes revealed a hint of suggestion. Ancient martial art practitioners were all determined.

He was no exception. His heavy breathing was a little disordered, and his physical strength was greatly overdrawn.

This state could not be maintained for long.

When one had reached the limits of the human body, it would be a great test for the body and mind.

Logan was born with tough bones. Carrying the bag of cement on his back, he continuously ran madly through the Neal family's manor. As his speed decreased, with every step he took, water-soaked footprints appeared under his feet.

It was sweat!

Logan's entire body was already drenched in sweat, and his pants were stuck to his clothes. That feeling of discomfort had long since been suppressed by his heavy fatigue.

Logan's eyes were completely bloodshot as he stubbornly continued forward.

Gradually, his vision became a little blurry... Whoosh!

Logan felt his eardrums buzzing. His legs felt as if they had been filled with lead, and he felt as if he was floating in the air. Heat surged through his body and spread to his four limbs and bones!

This was breaking the limits of the body.

His body was instinctively feeding him with power.

At that moment, Logan's eyes shined brightly, and he threw away the bag of cement in his hand before throwing a punch.

Smack!

After a slight crisp sound, the force of the punch landed on the cement bag.

The entire cement bag exploded, and brown cement flew all over the sky.

The first stage of light force.

Logan had broken through!

From a martial artist to a warrior, one's basic strength would be two hundred pounds. With a punch, there would be light force condensed in the fist, which would greatly increase the attack power.

When one reached the warrior level, they would be able to grasp light force.

Only then could one be considered to have entered the threshold of an ancient martial artist!

From that night forth, Logan Hall was a warrior.

The Strongest War God chapter 164-A New Breakthrough, Heavenly King Yandell Tristan Yandell quietly appeared and said, "Not bad, you have some comprehension. Let's go fishing!" "Deputy Yandell!" Logan Hall cupped his hands in a reserved manner.

Tristan waved his hand. "Don't be so nervous. If you follow my big brother, you won't be weaker than me in the future. Call me by my name. I'm older than you by a few years, so you can call me big brother." "I don't think that's appropriate..." !!

Logan naively scratched his head.

Tristan was one of the governors of the garrison of the capital.

Logan was breaking the rules by calling him brother!

However, Tristan did not mind, so Logan could only eagerly take the red water bucket and the fishing rod to the small pond on the east side of the Neal family's manor.

Although it was called a small pond, the surface of the water was as big as three to five acres of land.

When the Neal family's manor was being built, they had invited a fengshui master to personally set up a fengshui array.

Since ancient times, the mountains were in charge of the people, and the water was in charge of the money!

The Neal family's manor was built here without the support of a mountain, which also confirmed the fact that Graham Neal had built it from scratch.

At the same time, the Neal family could not be said to be thriving!

There were only Braydon Neal and Ginny Neal in the third generation of direct descendants.

It could be considered a small population.

However, the manor had a living pond, and water was a source of income. As the head of the seven great families, the Neal family's position was as stable as Mount Tanish, and they had endless wealth.

The Neal family did not lack money.

That was why fengshui, which had been passed down for thousands of years, could not be doubted.

From ancient times until now, kings, nobles, generals, and ministers did not dare to offend fengshui masters. They all knew that fengshui secretly killed people.

If a powerful fengshui master secretly tampered with it... A ten-year fengshui scheme would result in the family's demise!

Who dared to underestimate them?

Under the bright night sky, Tristan sat on the small folding stool very comfortably. He held the black fishing rod and threw the bait into the pond.

Logan stupidly stood to the side, quietly standing there.

After midnight, Logan discovered that Tristan was sitting on the small stool with his eyes closed.

Fishing with his eyes closed?

This was too much!

Tristan's breathing was even as he held the fishing rod in his right hand. A formless and soft power was continuously transmitted onto the water surface through the fishing rod.

It was silent!

Logan's eyes widened with shock.

He had noticed it!

Tristan was releasing his force.

How could this be possible?

The release of light and dark force, that was a king-level technique.

Tristan Yandell was not even a marquis.

How could he grasp a king-level technique?

At this moment, Logan's heart jolted. He suddenly understood why Tristan's strength was the lowest among the three governors of the capital city, stuck as a ninth-level War God. He was unable to break through!

His main focus was on this matter.

Take a look at what Braydon's nickname was for Tristan!

It was the little monkey.

In the past, Tristan was very active, and he often could not stay idle. In the end, he was fishing now that he had nothing to do?

How could this kind of person have any patience? It would not be strange if he blew up the pond.

However, Tristan had been acting out of character all these years and would go fishing whenever he was free.

An abnormality was a demon!

At the break of dawn, a three-meter wave suddenly rose in the calm pond!

Bang!

Like a bomb in the water, it suddenly exploded, and a red carp was blown out.

Tristan opened his eyes, and his eyes were filled with joy.

The fishing rod in his hand became extremely straight in an instant, like a thin black spear, and directly pierced through the red carp. It could be considered the result of his one night's work.

“Of course, I've been fishing for stinky fish for three years. If I don't break through, I'll really be useless!” Tristan had been fishing for three years just for a king-level technique!

Three years ago, he had been searching for this path.

Now, from the moment the waves exploded, it proved that Tristan had a chance of becoming a king.

How could Tristan, who was listed as one of the five heavenly kings of the north alongside Luther Carden back then, be a good person?

There was no need to doubt his talent.

Logan's eyes were filled with reverence.

Tristan smiled faintly. “Three years ago, I was already a ninth-level War God, and I was one of the five heavenly kings of the north along with Second Brother Luther and the others. My strength hasn't improved even an inch in the past three years, and the few of them have been conferred the title of marquis one after another. Do they really think I'm inferior to them?” “A few days ago, white-clothed Qualls even threatened me that I have to be made a marquis within a month. I would beat him to death then!” Tristan stood up and threw away the fishing rod in his hand.

It was as if he was disgusted by this thing.

For the sake of the king-level technique, he had been fishing for three whole years. He was so disgusted that he was about to throw up.

On the other side, on the roof of the bright hall.

Braydon Neal was sitting cross-legged, surrounded by purple Qi.

The 99 streaks of purple Qi were like protective Qi. They swirled around Braydon's nose and mouth as he faced the red rising sun. He then condensed two streaks of purple Qi and swallowed them.

A night of cultivation had made him feel comfortable.

As he entered the third level of the Art of the God of War, the speed at which he condensed the purple Qi had increased by more than ten times!

With Braydon's talent, it would only take him one night to complete a small circulation of the art in his body.

Every time he completed a small circulation, it would produce the effect of cleansing the body.

This made Braydon look even slimmer.

And when Cole Colbie cultivated the first layer of the Art of the God of War, he needed seven days to complete a minor circulation.

This indicated the difference in talent!

Braydon returned to his room, took a shower, changed his clothes, and quietly came to the pond. He stood calmly on the lake with his hands behind his back.

Braydon stood still with his hands behind his back, his white clothes dancing in the wind, his toes touching the water.

Logan's eyes widened at this display of skill.

Braydon's face was handsome, like a young man in white clothes. He stood with his hands behind his back, like a banished immortal who was untainted by the mortal world.

"Northern King!" Logan lowered his head and cupped his hands.

"Commander!" Tristan also lowered his head.

"Just call me by my name at home. Don't make me say it a second time," Braydon chuckled.

"It's settled, Big Brother. I have good news for you!" Tristan was thick-skinned and wanted to tell him the good news.

"You want to tell me that you can release your dark force, right?" Braydon chuckled.

"How did you know?" Tristan looked like he had seen a ghost.

Braydon laughed. Tristan still did not understand king-level characters.

He had hidden his thoughts for three years, but how could he hide them from Westley Hader?

What kind of person was Westley?

He was King Braydon's childhood friend, one of the three sons of the north. He was a nineteen-year-old genius who was conferred the title of king. He had long noticed Tristan's little trick.

Therefore, in the past three years, Westley had never urged Tristan to cultivate.

This was the path that Tristan chose to walk, he wanted to accumulate and develop over time.

Westley would naturally give him time!

"You're so naïve!" Braydon scolded him. "You have been trying to master the king-level technique when you are still in the warlord realm. You used your arms day and night to release the light and dark forces, causing your arms to have an instinctive reaction!

"When your thoughts appear and you use the light and dark forces, your arms will react instinctively, making it ten times more difficult for you to be conferred the title of marquis than for Luther and the others!" Braydon glanced at him.

Braydon had noticed this situation yesterday.

That was why he treated Tristan like a sandbag and beat him up for an hour.

The Strongest War God chapter 165-The Grandmasters are All Disciples of the Commander This left the opportunity to release the light and dark forces throughout every part of Tristan Yandell's body.

It was equivalent to indirectly weakening Tristan's bottleneck.

Logan Hall obediently stood to the side. In a conversation regarding this realm, he, a newly advanced warrior, was completely unable to interject!

However, Tristan's grasp of the king-level technique meant that once he entered the marquis realm, he would be a different existence.

!!

This kind of martial artist was invincible in the same realm!

In the Neal family's manor, there were also people who had not rested all night.

That was Liam Neal!

He had experienced the black market incident and knew that he was too weak. He had wasted thirteen years, and now he wanted to catch up.

When Braydon Neal arrived, he saw his fourth uncle in the villa, holding a black iron spear and tirelessly practicing the king-level technique, violent spear.

"Fourth Uncle, take a break before you continue." Braydon pushed the door open and entered.

Liam wiped his sweat with a towel and said, "This king-level spear technique is indeed amazing. Every time I train it, it trains my muscles and increases my strength." "Fourth Master, where did you get this spear?" Tristan was a complete idiot.

He took the black iron spear and bent it with force.

Liam's face turned green!

He had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to hire the best blacksmith in Preston to make this.

Tristan took it and bent it into a u-shape with his bare hands.

Logan's eyes were sharp, and he saw the signature on the black iron spear. He said in surprise, "It was forged by Kendrick Lua. This guy's asking price is very high!" "Fourth Master, how much did you spend to forge this spear?" Tristan was a little curious.

Liam was a little embarrassed. The weapon he spent hundreds of thousands to forge was bent by Tristan.

He extended three fingers.

“Thirty thousand? It’s a little expensive, but he didn’t rip you off too badly!” Tristan crudely twisted the iron spear.

Liam’s heart was broken. He spent three hundred thousand!

Old Man Zito glared at him. “How much did you spend on this broken thing? Thirty thousand? No way. I’m going to tear down that dirty shop. Give me Kendrick Lua’s address. I’ll ask him to return the money!” “Actually, I spent... three hundred thousand.” Liam did not have much confidence.

He knew that the few people in front of him were all wily old foxes in the martial arts circle.

“What the hell?” Old Man Zito was instantly enraged.

“Three hundred thousand?” Tristan had an innocent look on his face. He looked at the iron piece in his hand and was instantly speechless.

Asking for three hundred thousand for a weapon made of ordinary iron, he must be crazy!

“Kendrick Lua’s weapons are sold at this price. He’s a blacksmith!” Logan could not help but say.

Blacksmiths were also divided into different levels.

For example, in the north, there were specialized blacksmiths who had mastered the tempering method of the cold sword.

However, the blacksmiths’ inheritance had declined even more severely than that of martial arts.

Ordinary people in the outside world did not understand this. They thought that blacksmiths were just like hard laborers working with iron. It was tiring and embarrassing to be one!

Actually, that was not the case.

In ancient times, how many people in the modern world could forge those divine weapons that could cut iron like mud?

Blacksmiths in the year 221 were known as masters!

There were many secret techniques in the path of being a blacksmith.

One could not be a blacksmith just because the person knew how to smelt iron.

It was already good enough for a third-rate blacksmith to work in the countryside with hoe tools.

Second-rate blacksmiths could already come into contact with ancient martial arts practitioners and forge weapons for them. The price was very high.

However, the weapons that were made were usually of the best quality. They could not be compared to the iron swords that were sold online for three to five hundred dollars.

It was just like the weapon that Kendrick Lua had forged for Liam Neal.

As for first-rate blacksmiths, they were treated as distinguished guests by the major forces because they took a long time and wasted a lot of materials to forge weapons.

The weapons forged by first-class blacksmiths were all fine products!

Every weapon had a common trait, and that was to cut through iron as if it was mud!

The so-called bulletproof vest could be pierced through with a single sword.

First-class blacksmiths were always fought over by organizations such as the special operations teams and the dark divisions.

The Preston team had not been able to recruit any second-rate blacksmiths over the years, but they did manage to cooperate with Kendrick Lua.

It was said that there was a first-class old blacksmith in the central plain's main team, and even the commander, Zayn Ziegler, had to give him some face.

Only the five great main teams could recruit first-rate blacksmiths.

Right now.

“Three hundred thousand dollars! Even if you have money, you can’t waste it like this. Give me the address. I’ll ask him to return the money,” Old Man Zito said with a pained expression.

“He’s only a second-rate blacksmith, yet he’s asking for such a high price. None of the eight grandmaster blacksmiths in the north are as bold as him to scam someone like that!” Tristan looked upset.

Although he was the deputy governor, holding a post in the garrison of the capital, and a few years had passed, Tristan still regarded himself as someone from the north.

The imprint of the northern territory was too deep, and it was already engraved in his bones, and he would never forget it!

At the same time, it also revealed the power of the north.

They actually had eight grandmaster blacksmiths!

A grandmaster blacksmith!

Logan’s eyes widened.

In the face of a grandmaster blacksmith, a first-rate blacksmith was not even worthy of carrying a shoe.

Every single grandmaster blacksmith had the strength of a War God.

This was similar to being a national doctor.

As a War God, the national doctor knew how to use Qi acupuncture. He knew how to use dark force with acupuncture to help the patient open up the meridians in the body, dredge blood and Qi, and transfer Qi from the five internal organs.

Their medical skills were extremely good. A national doctor could pull a person back from the gates of hell within two minutes of death.

This is what it meant to rely on the strength of a War God!

It was rare to find a War God that was also a national doctor!

Many first-class doctors were limited by their ancient martial arts skills and could not find a way to cure their illnesses. Some died of depression, not knowing how to become a national doctor before they died.

Even if they did know something, they were probably already in their sixties.

How would the person be able to become a War God then!

Grandmaster blacksmiths were no exception. When forging, they used both the light and dark forces. Although it looked like an ordinary strike, every strike was filled with the soft and bone-piercing dark force. When the light force was used, it could cause the red-hot iron to spark and remove impurities.

There was no way first-rate blacksmiths could learn such a technique!

Their ability was naturally limited!

Therefore, a grandmaster blacksmith would need a long time and a lot of materials to forge a weapon. After thousands of times of tempering, the weapon would then be forged!

They could cut through iron like mud!

More importantly, a grandmaster blacksmith would not forge a weapon easily. Every strike that they made with the combination of dark force and light force would hurt themselves!

Iron itself was a hard object.

When the dark force and light force fell, the backlash would definitely hurt the body!

As a result, every grandmaster blacksmith had a very short life. In their later years, they would be plagued with hidden illnesses, and their internal organs would be injured by the force.

Even national doctors could not cure it completely and could only try their best to help them recuperate.

Grandmaster-level weapons are usually used by War Gods.

Therefore, it was known as a divine weapon, also known as a sharp weapon. It could break armor and cut iron!

As ancient martial art practitioners, they all yearned for weapons that could cut through iron like mud.

A grandmaster blacksmith could never forge more than thirty weapons in his life!

Beyond this number, death was certain.

This was publicly acknowledged. During the forging process, the force would hurt the body, and it would be accumulated over time. Once it exploded, death was certain.

It was all the experience accumulated by the predecessors at the risk of their lives!

Although the weapon was good, it would cost the blacksmith a little... "Fourth Uncle, take me there," Braydon said with a smile.

"Braydon, isn't it a little embarrassing to seek revenge?" Liam had a helpless look on his face.

Braydon laughed. "It's only three hundred thousand dollars. It's nothing to me. Fourth Uncle, you're a spear master. How can you not have a suitable weapon? I'll make a spear for you myself!" "You know how to forge weapons?" Liam asked curiously.

"The eight grandmaster blacksmiths of the north are all disciples of the commander!" Tristan said bluntly.

The Strongest War God chapter 166-Three Main Stages of a Martial Artist After Tristan Yandell said that, Liam Neal's eyes went dull, and he was totally stunned.

There were eight grandmaster blacksmiths in the northern army, and they were all Braydon's disciples?

This was too terrifying!

When Braydon was in the northern territory, he reorganized the database of the north, including the library, and ordered the collection of forging techniques of various eras.

!!

Westley Hader used his authority as the governor to access the capital's database and shared it with the north.

The five commanders behind the five main teams, Gordon Low and the others, did not say anything. They sorted out the various incomplete ancient scrolls and sent them to the north.

Braydon had spent half a year to sort out all the ancient books and come up with a complete grandmaster's way of refining artifacts.

In just two years, he had trained eight grandmaster blacksmiths for the northern army!

More importantly, the northern army had mastered the complete art of weapon refinement.

It meant that in the future, there would be an endless stream of grandmaster level blacksmiths.

This was the scariest part!

And all of this came from the hands of King Braydon.

In the hands of Braydon, the northern territory had really reached the peak!

Furthermore, the young king of the northern territory was not even twenty years old.

This was the most terrifying part!

At the age of twenty, for a king level figure, his blood Qi had not reached its true peak!

A martial artist's life was divided into three stages.

In the initial stage of growth, the adaptability was strong, and the growth was rapid. It could be used to test the talent of young martial artists and judge their future achievements.

In the second stage, his body's age and blood Qi had reached their peak. His strength would be the most terrifying at this point!

A peak king-level person could pose a threat to all the countries in the world. They were a deterrent force.

An ancient warrior at their peak would not fear any enemy.

In the end, when a martial artist reached his peak and fell, he would walk towards his twilight years.

The aging of the body and the decline of vitality were a must for martial artists!

When a king reached the end of his life, his Qi and blood would be reduced to an unsightly state, and even his cultivation would fall.

As a result, his strength would fall greatly!

These were the three stages of a martial artist's life.

As for King Braydon, he was not even twenty years old.

The three sons of the north were all at this age!

Such strength at such a young age?

Do you think the three sons of the north would surpass king level in the future?

And ordinary people's lifespans did not exceed a hundred!

At the age of thirty, all the functions of the body had reached the peak. It was as if it was made of plastic, irreversible and irreparable.

After the age of thirty, the body functions of ordinary people would slowly decline.

When you reached forty years old, your risk of illness would increase, and your physical strength would not be able to keep up with your youth. You would feel that your physical fitness had declined significantly.

This was the process of aging!

However, a king-level martial artist could live for three hundred years!

Three hundred years of lifespan was divided into three stages.

How many years would it take for the three sons of the north to mature?

How many years would it take for them to reach their peak?

King Braydon had terrifying potential.

It had been verified when Braydon was nine years old. When he became a War God at the age of nine, he attracted eight king-level figures from outside the borders to kill him.

This kind of genius that shocked the world; in his young body, hid a suffocating and terrifying potential!

If they were to grow, they would be unstoppable, and even king level would not be their end.

Surpassing king level was the most terrifying!

At that stage, one person could massacre an entire country!

This was King Braydon!

At this moment, when Logan Hall heard that the eight grandmaster blacksmiths of the north were all disciples of the commander, he was extremely shocked. Then, he smiled bitterly. Today, he finally knew why the king of the northern region was called a thousand-year genius!

The millennium genius, King Braydon, was no joke.

The ability of a genius that appeared once every thousand years was not something that ordinary people could compare to.

Old Man Zito mumbled to himself. His heart ached for the three hundred thousand dollars, and he wanted to follow them to look for Kendrick Lua no matter what.

As for what he was going to do, he was obviously going to ask for a refund!

Old Man Zito was afraid of being poor. Liam Neal spent three hundred thousand without even blinking and even bought a broken weapon. He simply had too much money to spend.

Logan personally drove to Kendrick Lua's place.

Braydon asked Liam about his requirements for the weapon when they were on the way.

As a martial artist, a handy weapon could maximize his strength.

Liam thought for a while and said, "Make it according to the size of the dragon gall spear!" The dragon gall spear was his ideal weapon, but it was too heavy. He could not even lift it. If he used it to kill the enemy, he would be killed by the enemy in the end.

Just the weight of a king-level weapon was enough to limit the usage of lower-level martial artists.

As such, one would not expect low-level martial arts practitioners to be wandering around with king-level weapons.

Even if he gave it to Liam, he would not be able to use it!

Braydon already knew what to forge for him. He then felt the car slow down. They had already left Preston city center, arriving at the urban village areas.

In a small courtyard, the chimney was emitting black smoke.

"This is Kendrick Lua's home," Logan got off the car and said.

"I'm going to beat him up!" Old Man Zito insisted on following them and wanted to get the three hundred thousand back.

Only Old Man Zito would do such a tasteless thing.

At the entrance of the small courtyard, a young man covered in sweat walked out and asked in surprise, "Are you here to find my master?" "Ask Kendrick Lua to come out!" Logan stepped forward.

The young man was taken aback. "Oh, it's you Mr. Hall. My master won't be accepting any business this month. If the Preston team wants to forge weapons, please come back on the 1st of next month." "You've misunderstood me. We're not here to ask Kendrick Lua to forge a weapon. We have other matters to attend to." After Logan had finished speaking, he glanced at a middle-aged man in the small courtyard.

This middle-aged man was bare-chested and full of explosive power.

He was Kendrick Lua A ninth-level warrior!

“Who’s at the entrance?” Kendrick was a little impatient.

“Master, Mr. Hall from the Preston team is here,” the young man turned his head and said respectfully.

“Then come in!” Kendrick put down the big iron hammer in his hand, lit a cigarette, and glanced at the group of people who came in through the door.

When he saw the person who came in, he was a little surprised.

The Preston team’s Logan Hall and the Neal family’s fourth master had actually come together!

Tristan Yandell’s eyes were not kind. He threw over a piece of iron and said angrily, “You made this thing?” “This is...” Kendrick could hardly recognize it. It was the iron spear he had forged himself.

In the end, it had been twisted into a fried dough twist by someone!

Kendrick’s face darkened. “I made it. What can I do for you?” “Refund the money!” Old Man Zito shouted at the top of his lungs, and Tristan jumped.

This made Tristan secretly curse, ‘This old thing has been blinded by money!’ Kendrick’s face darkened. “Fourth Master Neal, what do you mean by this? Money is a small issue, but by doing this, are you trying to humiliate me?” Kendrick’s body began to emit a faint sense of anger.

The weapon that he had personally forged had been congealed into a fried dough twist and was thrown in front of his face. They were even asking for a refund.

This was clearly a slap in the face!

Liam forced a smile and was about to explain.

But Old Man Zito straightened his neck and shouted, “Refund! How dare you ask for three hundred thousand for whatever you have forged? Give me back the money, or I’ll smash your stall!”

The Strongest War God chapter 167-Grandmaster-Level Blacksmith Old Man Zito was an old hooligan. He rolled up his sleeves and demanded for a refund.

“You Neals are being bullies!” Kendrick Lua stood up angrily.

“Who’s bullying you? Just give me back my money!” Old Man Zito’s eyes were not kind. He would not leave without getting a refund.

Before Kendrick could speak.

!!

Tristan Yandell said angrily, “If we wanted to bully you, you’d already be a corpse!” “Hmph!” Kendrick’s expression was ugly.

Braydon Neal stood with his hands behind his back and smiled. “Boss Lua, don’t misunderstand us. We didn’t come here to humiliate you. Because in front of me, you are not worthy of my humiliation!” This sentence was even more excessive than Tristan’s.

His words were calm and unhurried, but Kendrick felt that this was the greatest humiliation ever!

What did he mean when he said that he did not even have the right to be humiliated!

Kendrick’s eyes were filled with anger. A level-nine warrior was the top martial artist in Preston city.

Tristan smiled. “Boss Lua, please reconsider. If you attack the Northern King, your punishment will be the death of your whole family!

His words silenced the entire place.

Kendrick’s pupils shrank, and his eyes were still filled with shock and anger. He glanced at the symbol on Braydon’s sleeve, and his pupils suddenly shrank.

The Qilin embroidery formed by golden threads.

This symbol.

It represented the northern territory.

It also represented the northern army!

The number of people who dared to provoke the north could be counted on one's fingers.

"Who are you?" Kendrick asked angrily.

"I'm just a plain-clothed man without any official rank. Like you, I'm just an ordinary person." Braydon's humble words were like a spring breeze.

It was this sentence that made Kendrick's expression change. He cried out, "You're the plain-clothed from the northern region!" "Don't mind me. I'm here to borrow your territory to forge a weapon for my fourth uncle." Braydon entered the room calmly. There was a huge furnace, a black iron forging table, and a hammer full of sweat. The room was filled with all kinds of weapons.

There was a sharp sword that was three feet long and as thin as a cicada's wing!

There was a pitch-black sword that was three feet long, thick and heavy.

There were also cast-iron spears!

All of these had come from Kendrick Lua's hands.

Braydon nodded slightly. He had everything he needed.

Kendrick was a little terrified. He had never thought that the first Northern King would appear in his small courtyard.

"Northern King, what kind of weapon do you want? I can forge it for you!" he said respectfully.

"You can make a better weapon than the Northern King sword? Who do you think you are?" Tristan asked.

In the end, Kendrick's face turned green.

All the blacksmiths in Hansworth know about the Northern King sword!

It was a peerless divine weapon that countless blacksmiths could only see in their dreams.

The Northern King sword was so sharp that no one in the world could stop it!

A blade that could break a king-level weapon.

It was the Northern King sword.

It took three years to forge the meteoric black iron. It was controlled by the young Northern King to guard the northern territory and created one legend after another.

This kind of sword was even more terrifying than his.

Even if ten grandmaster blacksmiths joined forces, they would not be able to forge this sword.

“With the Northern King’s status, he shouldn’t be doing such crude blacksmithing. It’s a disgrace to your honor.” Kendrick smiled bitterly.

Tristan laughed when he heard that.

If Braydon had not forged iron and sorted out the grandmaster-level secret forging technique, there would not be the eight grandmaster blacksmiths in the north today.

“I refine weapons to kill people. When I studied medicine, I also did it to kill people!” Braydon chuckled.

In the northern territory, he joined the northern army, and all he learned were killing techniques!

The mission the north pursued was to kill and protect the world!

... Braydon’s words were soft, but the killing intent revealed made Kendrick shudder.

Just like martial artists, who would dare to look down on blacksmiths!

A grandmaster blacksmith was a War God!

The weapons they sold could cut iron and break armors and could greatly increase a martial artist’s strength.

One sword was worth at least ten million.

Simply put, there was a demand but no supply for this price.

Weapons made by grandmaster blacksmiths could not be cast in large quantities.

However, the weapons of a first-class blacksmith could be mass-produced, even though they were made of ordinary iron.

However, in the hands of a first-class blacksmith, the weapon could still cut through iron like mud and pierce through a bulletproof vest.

The price of such a weapon would start from a million!

What was more terrifying was that the north had over a hundred first-rate blacksmiths!

There were eight grandmaster blacksmiths and a hundred first-rate blacksmiths.

This was the power of the north!

After all these years of accumulation, the first legion of the ten great legions of the northern army had the strongest combat strength. They were direct descendants of the direct descendants.

The first legion of the north, which was personally led by Braydon back then, had already changed its attire over the years.

The one hundred thousand black-clothed elites were equipped with cold swords, and all of them were made by first-rate blacksmiths!

The divine weapons countless martial artists outside desired that could cut through iron like mud were equipped by the first legion of the northern army.

One could imagine how terrifying it would be if the northern army was equipped with one hundred thousand of these sharp northern cold swords.

It would definitely increase their overall strength!

It was not a child's play for the northern army to reach the peak in the hands of Braydon.

This was also the terrifying reason why the north was becoming stronger every year.

Braydon's fingers moved slightly, and his slender fingers gently held the iron hammer. The iron hammer, which weighed fifty pounds, was like a corn cobble in his hand. It was not heavy at all.

Don't forget how heavy the Northern King sword that Braydon used was!

It weighed more than seven hundred pounds.

Braydon could use the Northern King sword effortlessly, let alone the fifty-pound iron hammer.

The next moment.

A piece of iron the size of a human head was taken out of the furnace. It was completely red, and the heat waves hit his face.

Braydon's face was slightly red, but the hammer fell calmly.

He did not hit it thunderously, and he did not use all his strength to hammer.

On the contrary, when Braydon lowered the iron hammer, it seemed to be falling calmly.

Bang!

With a loud bang, the entire piece of fire burst out with a dazzling light, and the sparks exploded like fireworks.

It was a dazzling scene!

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Forging had become a beautiful art for Braydon.

However, apart from the north, there were no more than three people who could perform this art in the outside world!

There were only two grandmaster-level blacksmiths in the outside world!

However, in the northern territory, there were eight grandmaster blacksmiths, not including Braydon.

How shocking!

At this moment, on the smithing platform, the red iron block burst out with dazzling sparks with every strike of the hammer. This scene made people exclaim in admiration!

Each strike contained both light and dark force!

The dark force penetrated through, while the light force exploded and formed a squeezing force, causing sparks to fly in all directions.

This kind of blacksmithing technique could only be mastered by grandmaster blacksmiths.

“A grandmaster-level blacksmith!” Kendrick said in a deep voice, his eyes filled with reverence.

These five words caused the young student beside Kendrick to reveal a look of shock.

The young man could not believe it as he looked at the white-robed young man who was even younger than him.

He was actually a grandmaster blacksmith!

This was too terrifying!

The Strongest War God chapter 168-Black Iron, Forged by the Northern King Braydon Neal really enjoyed the forging process.

Tristan Yandell smiled bitterly. “Big Brother, using light and dark forces to refine weapons will hurt you. Take a break before you continue.” “It’s fine, when a grandmaster-level blacksmith reaches king level, he can use his ability to offset the damage.” Braydon said calmly.

!!

Tristan’s mouth twitched, and he rolled his eyes.

Braydon was just rubbing it in his face about not being at the king level.

Old Man Zito pulled Kendrick Lua away and said in an unfriendly tone, “Refund the money!” “Alright, I’ll give you the money later. Let me watch from the side. This is the first time I’ve seen a grandmaster blacksmith forge a weapon!” Kendrick was on the verge of tears.

Was he someone who lacked three hundred thousand dollars?

Even if he offered three million, he might not be able to get such a close view of a weapon forged by a grandmaster blacksmith, let alone three hundred thousand.

Kendrick also knew that this might be the only time in his life that he would be able to observe a grandmaster's forging process up close.

Such an opportunity was extremely rare!

In the end, this old man who was missing a front tooth kept pestering him for money.

"Leslie, hurry up and get him the money." Kendrick was on the verge of tears.

"Old man, do you have QRPay? I'll transfer it to you!" Leslie was also a blacksmith. Now that he was able to watch a grandmaster forge a weapon, it was enough to influence his life.

"What's QRPay?" Old Man Zito asked suspiciously. "I want cash!" "You old thing, will you die if you don't cause trouble? You'd better pray that you're not one of the north's hidden agents. Otherwise, I'll be the first to kill you!" Tristan could not take it anymore.

This old thing was really hard on people.

He was bullying the master and disciple in one breath.

The number of times Braydon had forged could be counted on one hand. It was a rare opportunity for blacksmiths like Kendrick to observe and learn from him up close.

Yet, Old Man Zito was still bullying him.

This old thing was too much!

Tristan's eyes were not kind, and only then did Old Man Zito calm down.

As for whether or not he was a hidden agent from the north, only he knew in his heart.

Braydon spent the whole day refining weapons until the afternoon.

“Little Monkey, is the black iron I asked for here?” His thin lips moved.

“The Northern Imperial Guards sent it over one hour ago!” Tristan walked forward with a sandalwood box in his hands.

“Black iron?” Kendrick lost his voice.

“Master, is it that special forging material?” Leslie’s breathing became heavier.

For blacksmiths, other than ordinary iron ores, diamonds, copper, aluminum, and alloys, there were also special forging materials.

Black iron was one of them!

This special material was dark in color and faintly emitted a red light. It was extremely heavy, had a high melting point, and had magnetic force. After being sharpened, it could cut iron like mud.

However, in the thousands of years of history of ancient martial arts, the spiritual stones and spiritual herbs had long been picked clean.

This included the rare black iron ore.

As early as the year 220, they had been excavated by ancient martial arts practitioners.

Up until now, not even a single piece was left!

As a result, special forging materials such as black iron were extremely expensive, and their value was much more expensive than gold!

Gold at its peak was less than three hundred dollars per gram.

However, black iron, regardless of weight or quantity, was also in grams, and each gram was as high as one hundred thousand dollars!

That was the price.

The key was that it was difficult to buy it even if you had the money, and you needed special channels.

There were also forces like the north that could store such things.

Under everyone's gazes.

Braydon's fingers moved slightly, and he flicked open the sandalwood box, taking out a small piece of black iron.

It looked like a small black stone.

But it was 100 grams!

It was worth ten million dollars.

Just this material alone was worth ten million dollars.

However, a weapon forged by a grandmaster blacksmith would start at ten million dollars.

Now that the black iron was mixed in, the value of this black spear had been doubled.

Twenty million at the very least!

This was the expenditure of an ancient martial artist practitioner.

From ancient times until now, the poor studied literature while the rich practiced martial arts.

This was a typical example!

Without money, you could not even afford to use a weapon.

Braydon threw the black iron into the furnace and waited until midnight before the black iron began to melt.

Then, the black iron fused into the spear and took shape.

The black spear, after being sharpened, felt cold to the touch and weighed seventy pounds!

Braydon held the long spear, and at this moment, a shocking aura burst out from his thin body.

He held the long spear and swept through all the weapons in the house.

Crack!

In the room, the weapons hanging on the wall broke upon contact.

Braydon thrust his spear at the forging table.

Whoosh!

The tip of the spear glowed with a cold light and pierced through the entire forging platform. The thick iron plate could not block the sharp edge of the long sword.

It could cut through iron like mud!

The weapons forged by grandmaster blacksmiths could cut through iron like mud.

Not to mention the addition of black iron!

It made the spear even sharper.

“Fourth Uncle, try it and see if it’s good!” Braydon handed the spear over.

Liam Neal held the long spear and moved it slightly. He held the spear and stabbed it toward the door, directly penetrating it.

With such a sharp weapon, no ordinary martial artist would be Liam’s opponent.

He could kill the person in one move!

However, Liam’s strength was too low as he was not yet at the warrior level.

Even with such a weapon, it would be hard to kill a warrior-level martial artist.

After all, the speed, reaction speed, and fist strength of a warrior-level martial artist were all above that of a normal martial artist.

These were all rigid standards.

If he could not, he would not be able to become a warrior-level martial artist.

People like Logan Hall, who were good at fighting and had mastered light force, were even more difficult to kill.

“It feels good!” Liam nodded.

“Let’s call it the dragon gall spear. When Fourth Master Neal reaches the War God level, he’ll be able to use the real dragon gall spear!” Tristan said.

They all used cold swords, no one used guns.

Liam was cultivating the king-level technique, violent spear which required a long spear, so the dragon gall spear naturally belonged to him.

The group finished their work and left Kendrick Lua’s small courtyard.

The Neal family manor was brightly lit.

The head of the family, Louis Neal, had a helpless look on his face. His precious son had gone out for an entire day and had not returned.

Braydon had just been elected as the president of the Preston Chamber of Commerce yesterday.

Today, he should have taken up his post and called for a meeting to discuss the matters of each family.

Braydon had not returned home yet.

Old Master Younes Cross smiled bitterly in the bright hall. “Louis, it’s getting late. I’ll come back tomorrow.” “Uncle Younes, I’m going to teach Braydon a lesson.” Louis stood up to send him off.

At the entrance of the bright hall, Logan’s group had already returned.

Braydon was a little surprised. He did not expect to have guests at home so late at night.

“Braydon, your Grandfather Younes has been waiting for you here the whole day,” Louis said.

“Grandpa Younes, please sit!” Braydon’s eyes were apologetic.

If he had known that Younes was coming today, he would not have left the house.

The Neal family was greatly indebted to Younes.

Someone brought freshly brewed tea, and Liam also joined them.

“I came today just to give some instructions regarding the Chamber of Commerce,” Younes said with a kind smile.

“Let Xandra temporarily take charge of the Chamber of Commerce. Although she’s young, she’s very capable. The Thomas family and the Sage family will each be given the position of vice president. I suggest that Joseph Thomas and Harold Sage take up the positions.” Seeing that they were talking about serious business, Braydon gave his opinion.

The Strongest War God chapter 169-Where is Lucian Cross?

Younes Cross had clearly already expected this, so he naturally had no objections.

The new president of the Chamber of Commerce was Braydon Neal, and he had the final say.

However, there were some things that Grandpa Younes could not say.

“Braydon, Grandfather Younes has a favor to ask of you,” Louis Neal said.

!!

“Dad, Grandpa Younes, just say what you want to say!” Braydon wanted the old man to feel at ease.

After all, the Neal family of three had received a great favor from him!

A life-saving grace!

Without this old man’s help back then, Louis and his wife would have died long ago, and the seven-year-old Braydon would have also been wiped out on that rainy night.

The Neal family would remember this kindness!

Furthermore, the friendship between Younes Cross and Graham Neal from the older generation was something that could not be forgotten in Braydon's generation.

"To be honest, I'm too embarrassed to even bring this up!" Old Master Younes smiled bitterly.

"The Cross Corporation is in trouble?" Braydon looked at his father.

Louis nodded slightly. "Uncle Younes has been in charge of the Preston Chamber of Commerce for many years. Most of his energy had been tied up in the Chamber of Commerce, so he did not have the time to manage the Cross Corporation. In addition, it's not that convenient for your Uncle Younes to move around. I learned this afternoon that the company is in a financial crisis." Thirteen years ago, Younes' eldest son was driving on a rainy night and got into a car accident on a highway. He suffered a comminuted fracture and had his leg amputated.

This was what the Neal family owed him!

In addition, the Cross family's main business was in the pharmaceutical industry. The new drug research was constantly being thwarted, and they had invested too much in it. In recent years, they had been relying on the previous drug patents to make up for their losses and could no longer sustain themselves.

The field of medicine had already matured.

If he wanted to obtain huge profits, he could only tackle major problems such as cancer, tumor-targeted drugs, and vaccines for malignant infectious diseases.

However, the problems faced in the development of these medicines were difficult to solve even for the top international organizations.

Many elite organizations, after having invested billions of dollars, might end up with nothing.

Medical research was one of the most expensive projects in the world.

Military research, medical research... Any small company could easily spend three to five hundred million a year.

“Xandra, transfer 10 billion dollars to the Cross Corporation from the investment department of the Neal Corporation,” Braydon said.

“Alright!” Xandra Milton lived in the Neal family’s manor.

Younes stood up in shock. “That won’t do. That’s too much money.”

“President Cross, the Neal Corporation is not short of money. We have already entered a deep cooperation with Starbright Manufacturing. Once the anti-gravity device’s production begins, the Neal Corporation will make a lot of money every day.” Xandra was playing with her hair by her earlobe.

Just one project alone was enough to make the Neal Corporation extremely wealthy.

It could bring at least tens of billions of profits to the Neal Corporation every year!

This was because the anti-gravity device technology was the only one in the world.

Once it was applied to passenger planes, it would not only be targeted in the domestic market, but also in the global market.

It was easy to imagine how much profit there would be!

Younes smiled bitterly. “Actually, I’m here tonight for another matter. I’m too embarrassed to bring this up. It’s because of Quinby’s child. He has been detained by the provincial capital’s special operations team.” Quinby Cross was Younes Cross’s eldest son.

Louis was shocked. He thought the old man was here for the Cross Corporation.

However, he did not expect that it was just for this matter.

“Uncle Younes, are you talking about that child, Lucian?” he asked.

“Yes. He’s liked martial arts since he was young. He’s quite talented. He’s two years younger than Braydon, but he’s already an intermediate warrior.” Younes revealed a bitter smile.

Since ancient times, using martial arts to break the rules was a serious offense. It was even more serious in modern times.

The Quill main team was of a higher rank than the Preston main team, and their leader was an advanced level warlord. The people they had captured would not be released easily.

No matter how much Younes had begged, it was useless.

“Braydon!” Louis could not help but say.

“Dad, I know what to do!” Braydon had already made up his mind.

Thirteen years ago, when Younes and his son heard about the Neal family’s great upheaval, they braved the rainy night and drove on the highway, rushing back to Preston to protect Braydon and his family.

There was no need to say how heavy this favor was.

Now, Braydon could also make a trip to the provincial capital for the Cross family.

“Little Monkey, tell Zayn that I don’t care what mistakes Lucian has made, but I’ll protect this man. If he is hurt, tell him to hand over the cold sword and never come see me again!” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly.

The cold words of the Northern King were filled with majesty!

Tristan Yandell took out his communication device, projected an image on the screen, and dialed Zayn Ziegler’s number.

After a few short seconds.

Zayn picked up the phone and said, “Tristan, what is it? Can’t you let me sleep in the middle of the night?” “The Northern King’s orders!” Tristan was good at using his connections.

A message had become the Northern King’s order!

However, in the eyes of the people of the north, any order from Braydon could be regarded as the order of the Northern King.

Zayn’s lazy look suddenly became serious. He stood up and said, “Speak. If the Northern King gives his orders, I, Zayn Ziegler, will be at your command.” “The Northern King asked me to tell you that Lucian Cross, who was captured by the Quill main team, is under the protection of the Northern King,

regardless of the mistake he has made. If he is hurt in the slightest, you will hand over the cold sword and never see the Northern King again!" Tristan hung up the call immediately after he had finished speaking.

Zayn stood on the top floor of the building of the central Hansworth headquarters and was stunned for a long time.

"Yelena, come in!" He turned around and said angrily.

"Commander!" Yelena Cross entered the door quietly.

"Is there a martial artist named Lucian Cross who has been imprisoned by the Quill team recently?" Zayn asked angrily.

"Yes, he's my... little brother!" Yelena's eyes were dim, and she was slightly depressed.

Zayn was stunned, and then he said angrily, "You're no fool. Your brother was captured by the Quill team, and you didn't even react to it? He's one of our own, and if this gets out, we'll be a joke to others!" "But Lucian has violated the rules of the Quill team. He should be punished." Yelena bit her thin lips.

When she said this, she felt even more uncomfortable.

Zayn almost cursed out loud at her. "You're so stubborn! This has alerted the Northern King. Tell Tony Wally, if he doesn't want to work here anymore, he can get the hell out of here. If Lucian Cross loses even a single strand of hair, even God can't protect him!" His furious words stunned Yelena.

She did not even know that her family had a relationship with the Northern King.

In the Neal family manor.

Old Master Younes was worried about Lucian Cross, and even if they were to have him get some rest tonight, he would not be able to.

"Get the Preston team's helicopter, we're heading to the provincial capital," Braydon said.

"Understood!" Logan immediately contacted the Preston team.

A black helicopter took off from the Preston team's base and quickly landed in the Neal family's manor. It took Braydon and his team directly to the provincial capital.

Preston was only sixty kilometers away from the provincial capital, so it would only take twenty minutes by high-speed rail.

It was in the metropolitan area of the provincial city.

The speed of the black helicopter could reach 400 to 500 kilometers per hour. It would only take 15 minutes to get to the Quill team!

At the Quill team's base.

The place was brightly lit and looked like an abandoned industrial area. There were as many as twenty factories there.

Zayn was in the provincial capital, so he brought Yelena to the Quill team.

The leader of the Quill team, Tony Wally, led his four deputy leaders to welcome them at the door. "Commander, why are you here in the middle of the night?" "Where's Lucian Cross?!" Zayn roared like a tiger. He had a big beard, and his eyes were full of anger.

This intimidated everyone!

The Strongest War God chapter 170-The Qilin King Descends upon Quill At the entrance of the Quill main team's headquarters.

Zayn Ziegler's steps were like a tiger's, and an invisible pressure made Tony Wally and the others turn pale.

He was the dignified Warblade of the Central Plains, the Commander of the three provinces of the Central Plains, and he had jurisdiction over seventy-two cities.

It could be said that within the three provinces, Zayn was the most respected! His sacred majesty was ever-present.

!!

The stupid things that Tony and the others had done really annoyed Zayn.

The Quill main team could not arrest the people of the Northern King!

The Quill team was directly managed by his central Hansworth team. How would King Braydon view Zayn?

Would others say that Zayn had been the Commander of the Central Plains for so many years and no longer cared about the former commander anymore?

If the news got out, Gordon Lowe would kill Zayn!

The commander had a high position and great power, but Gordon never took him seriously. If Zayn dared to betray him, he would dare to kill him!

Gordon was famous for his ruthlessness!

Moreover, among the five great commanders, spirit sword Gordon Lowe was the strongest and most talented.

Within three years, Gordon would be crowned king!

The moment he was conferred the title of king, he would be a spirit king.

At that time, none of the five great commanders would be able to suppress him.

He was that strong!

“Commander, Lucian Cross is being held in cell two. I’ll bring him out now.” Tony said, his voice trembling.

“Commander, Lucian Cross has committed a grave crime!” The deputy leader of the Quill team, Bowen Zak, stepped forward and said.

“What crime did he commit?” Zayn asked with cold eyes.

“Lucian Cross has openly displayed his martial arts skills in the city and attacked innocent people. He has violated the ironclad law. According to the rules of the Quill team, even if he is not killed on the spot, he will be imprisoned for ten years!” Bowen said in a serious tone.

But was that really the case?

Zayn was not a fool, so he said indifferently, "Yelena, bring Lucian out. I want to ask him personally!" "Commander!" Bowen was taken aback. He looked deeply at Yelena Cross, thinking that this woman had invited Zayn to come here to protect her brother.

Yelena could only follow his orders and enter warehouse No. 2 of the Quill team.

The ground looked like a warehouse, but there were ten floors underground!

There were secret chambers on each of the ten floors, where martial artists who had committed grave mistakes were imprisoned.

Ordinary people were under the jurisdiction of the relevant departments, such as the traffic police and the civil police.

As for martial artists, they were under the jurisdiction of the special operations teams.

Therefore, the special operations teams in every region had special places to lock up martial artists.

In an office, Zayn sat at the head of the table. He did not say a word, and the atmosphere was silent and oppressive, which made everyone have a bad feeling.

A fair-skinned young man then appeared. He was seven feet tall and had delicate facial features. His phoenix-like eyes were calm and deep. He was wearing a white prison robe and was wrapped in chains. There was a stone ball under his feet.

The scariest wound was on Lucian Cross' shoulder. The iron hook had pierced through his shoulder blades!

This was a method of ancient criminal punishment.

Once a martial artist's shoulder blade was pierced, he would be half-crippled!

And now, they were using such a method on Lucian Cross.

Yelena's tears could not stop falling. She wanted to protect Lucian, but she was only the director of the central Hansworth team's secret archives. She did not have the right to directly intervene in the Quill team's affairs.

“Sister, don’t cry. I’m fine!” Lucian chuckled softly.

“Commander, I’ve brought Lucian Cross!” Tony stepped forward and cupped his hands.

“You guys sure did a good job!” Zayn suddenly stood up with anger in his eyes. He was furious when he saw Lucian’s scapula being pierced by the iron hook!

His tiger-like body was filled with a War God’s pressure as he shouted, “Kneel down!” Boom!

Tony could not withstand the pressure, and he was forced to kneel on the ground.

The floor shattered, and the other four deputy team leaders could not escape falling to their knees. Their eyes flashed with fear. They had never seen their commander so furious!

Zayn said coldly, “Lucian is Yelena’s younger brother. He’s half a family member. But you guys pierced through his shoulder blades just like that. How impressive!

“Let me ask you, did Lucian Cross kill anyone?” He asked again.

“No!” Tony replied, lowering his head.

“If his hands aren’t stained with the blood of ordinary people, why did you pierce through his shoulder blades like he’s a death row convict?” Zayn was furious.

He was about to go crazy!

Lucian was the person that King Braydon Neal wanted to protect, and now her scapula had been pierced.

Braydon was already on his way.

How was Zayn going to explain this to the commander?

The entire place was dead silent.

At this moment, Zayn could not help but look at Yelena. There were some things that Yelena had to tell Lucian.

Yelena said, "Lucian, it's alright now. There's an important person who wants to protect you. However, there are some things that you can't say to that important person." "Who is that person? What can't I say?" Lucian's eyes rippled.

In his eyes, Commander Zayn Ziegler was already the most important person here.

Could there be someone even more powerful than him?

"That big shot wants to protect you," Zayn said directly. "If he finds out that you're being treated unfairly, and if you complain to him, in his anger, everyone here, including me, may be killed!" "What?" Tony and the others were in disbelief.

At this moment, the sound of a helicopter's propeller could be heard in the sky above the Quill team.

Someone immediately entered the room to report. "Commander, the Preston team is here. It's raining outside. The landing conditions aren't good!" Zayn was shocked. He did not expect Braydon to come so quickly.

In the sky above the Quill team's base, a black helicopter flew in from the east overnight at an extremely fast speed.

However, on the way here, it began to rain, which was occasionally accompanied by lightning and thunder.

Bolts of lightning streaked through the darkness, their brightness blinding.

Zayn braved the wind and rain and personally stood outside to wait. He let the wind and rain sweep over his body, not moving like a mountain.

This made Tony and the others even more flustered!

Who was the person sent by the Preston team?

To think that their commander would personally wait in the middle of a rainy night!

The black helicopter descended from a height of 300 meters.

Everyone looked up.

Yelana's eyes were filled with respect. She knew who was on the plane!

Only Lucian was calm and quiet. He did not look like an arrogant martial artist at all. Why would he hurt people in the middle of the city without any reason?

There was clearly a problem here!

At this moment, the rain poured down in torrents. A bolt of lightning fell from the sky and landed on a hundred-year-old tree in the Quill team's base.

Crack!

The towering tree was split into two from the middle and turned into a piece of black charcoal, emitting black smoke.

This scene gave everyone a fright.

That was because the bolt of lightning had almost streaked across the black helicopter and landed on it.

The black helicopter kept swaying left and right, and the control panel in the cockpit was beeping. It had been disturbed by the strong magnetic field of the lightning, and some of its components had been burnt.

What was even more fatal was that the weather on this rainy night was filled with lightning.

The thunder rumbled, and the lightning was as sharp as a sword.

It fell with a loud bang!

The bolt of lightning landed on the propeller of the helicopter.

Bang!

Electric zaps shot out in all directions, and the entire helicopter fell apart.

This was the terrifying power of lightning.

The sudden change was unexpected!

This scene shocked everyone.

“The Northern King!” Zayn’s eyes were red as he shouted.

The Strongest War God chapter 171-The Young Master is Like a Jade, The Peerless Northern King Zayn Ziegler could not help but be shocked and angry. If the king of the northern territory had a plane crash on a rainy night right on this spot, he, Zayn Ziegler, would die a hundred times to atone for his sins!

If Braydon Neal were to fall, who would be able to control the ten legions of the northern army?

A million black-robed elites only respected King Braydon!

Even King Cole Colbie could only intimidate them for a moment, not suppress them forever.

!!

Luther Carden, Yuri Qualls, and many other powerful people, all of whom had their own armies under their command, only respected the Northern King!

If Braydon Neal died here, the soldiers of the north would definitely sweep through the provincial capital, Quill, and bury the tens of millions of people in the provincial capital with their commander!

The northern army did not respect heaven and earth, nor did they fear ghosts and gods. They only believed in the sword in their hands.

They pursued the concept of killing as protection!

The millions of elite soldiers of the north only had their commander in their eyes, and no one else!

King Braydon’s influence was beyond your imagination!

One sentence!

If Braydon Neal was alive, he would stand at the peak of Mount Bliz in the north and lead the ten legions of the northern army to guard the 8,000 miles of

territory in the north. He would roar like a tiger and the eight countries outside the borders would tremble in fear!

If Braydon Neal fell, millions of enemies would be out of control. They could sweep across the central plains, destroy the three provinces of the central plains, sweep through the provincial capital of Quill, and wipe out millions of people!

If the northern army crossed the border and slaughtered the eight countries outside the border, what was so difficult about it?

Without Braydon's northern army, no one in the world would be able to suppress Hansworth's strongest elite army!

Commander Braydon Neal, the backbone of the country, had to be alive and well!

At this moment, Zayn's eyes were bloodshot, and blood was flowing out of them. He pulled out the black sword from his waist.

He wanted to use his sword to cut open the helicopter's abdomen and free the crew inside!

At this moment, he was not afraid of death!

The king of the northern territory could not fall in Quill.

Commander Qilin could not die in vain.

Just as Zayn leaped up and was about to strike, a ball of dazzling purple light shot into the sky, shaking the heavens and earth, and suppressed ten thousand people!

The purple light was a human figure!

Accompanied by a terrifying sword intent that swept across the world, the tens of millions of people in Quill who were sleeping soundly woke up from their dreams at this moment!

A dense killing intent came from the Northern King sword!

This peerless weapon that had slaughtered more than a million enemies was once again unsheathed.

At the moment it was unsheathed, birds and beasts in Quill cried out in pain. Their wings were broken in the sky, and beasts prostrated on the ground.

They were completely awed by the Northern King sword!

The residents of Quill woke up from their dreams. They looked out the window at the heavy rain and lightning.

They broke out in cold sweat and did not suspect anything else.

In fact, everyone was awakened by the Northern King sword's sword Qi!

The fear that came from human instincts woke up the people in their dreams!

This was the first time in many years that Braydon had fully activated the Northern King sword, displaying his strength as a peak level king.

The purple light was pure and holy, and the sword Qi was terrifying!

This scene stunned everyone.

There was a peerless expert in the helicopter.

This supreme figure was the person their commander, Zayn Ziegler, was personally welcoming!

Under everyone's gaze.

The sword slashed brightly across the sky, and the entire helicopter exploded into pieces.

This was King Braydon!

Even if a heavenly power struck the helicopter, it could not cause it to fall!

A thousand-year-old genius, a mighty lord of the northern territory, looking out at the world, his grace unparalleled!

At this moment, Braydon sheathed his sword, holding the old man Younes Cross and the helicopter pilot in his hands.

He flew down from a height of 300 meters.

At this moment, Braydon's figure was like a graceful swan. With the two of them in his hands, he stepped on the shattered pieces of the helicopter and continuously borrowed strength from the air.

It was as if he was taking a stroll in the air, taking advantage of the situation to descend.

As for Tristan Yandell, Braydon did not need to worry about him at all.

A person who was about to become a marquis and had even mastered a king-level technique, if he were to fall to his death from the sky, one must think the five heavenly kings of the north were a joke.

Braydon's white robe was as white as snow, and he was untainted by the mortal world. The ninety-nine purple clouds surrounding his body were extremely eye-catching in the dark night.

The helicopter was slashed by Braydon to prevent it from falling and killing the members of the Quill main team below.

Secondly, Braydon was 300 meters in the air and needed to borrow the force in the air to land.

The fragments of the helicopter were the best steppingstones.

The moment the helicopter went out of control, Braydon made the decision to do what he did. This was the instinctive reaction that he had gotten from all the battles he had been through.

Braydon descended from the sky.

Bang!

Both of his legs sank deep into the soil, reaching his knees. Younes and the pilot were unharmed.

Braydon's lips were bleeding. He put down the two people in his hands and jumped up from the ground.

"Commander!" Zayn was shocked and furious.

"I'm alright!" Braydon frowned.

Tristan descended from the sky without any injuries. However, even with Braydon's cultivation, he had brought the two of them down unharmed, how could he not be injured!

The reason was that Braydon had not fully recovered from his injuries after returning from the northern territory!

In addition, he had suffered the power of the lightning attack earlier and had injured himself.

Tonight, he had used all his strength, which had undoubtedly triggered the hidden disease in his body.

The purple Qi surrounding Braydon's body returned to his body, and he looked as calm as ever.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Even though the helicopter had been struck by lightning, the people inside were actually able to land safely.

They were 300 meters in the sky!

It was still a rainy night with thunder and lightning.

Tony Wally looked at Tristan and said in shock, "Deputy Governor Yandell?" "Deputy Governor?" Yelena Cross and the others were shocked.

The people who came tonight were not only the Northern King, but also their immediate superior, the governor!

Tristan's expression was gloomy. He ignored everyone and said, "Big Brother, how are you feeling?" Braydon raised his hand slightly, indicating that he was fine.

But Tristan was already furious. He had come from the capital and received a secret order from Westley Hader to follow Braydon and remove all obstacles. He could not delay Braydon's coronation which was in a month's time!

He was going to be crowned in Preston.

It was extremely important!

However, tonight's injury would definitely affect the coronation ceremony.

"Where is Lucian Cross?" Tristan asked coldly.

"He's here!" Tony trembled.

Lucian was wearing a white prison uniform. He was very calm and unfazed by the disgrace.

Younes looked at his grandson and said in a trembling voice, "Lucian, it's good that you're alive!" But when Tristan saw this scene, he asked coldly, "Who was the one who locked Lucian Cross up?" Everyone was stunned.

He was accusing them!

"Tristan, they're all your men..." Zayn braced himself.

"Call me governor!" Tristan was really angry.

He had personally called to convey Braydon's message, but Zayn still could not protect Lucian. His shoulders had actually been pierced through.

To martial artists, this was equivalent to being half-crippled!

Even national doctors could not guarantee that Lucian would recover.

"Deputy Governor Yandell..." Zayn's face darkened.

"Get out of the way. In the north, I'm one of the five heavenly kings and the ten ruthless men. Other than the top three, I'm the strongest. I'm the deputy governor of the capital, and you're the commander of the central plains. I'm one rank higher than you. You have no right to speak tonight!" Tristan did not show any mercy.

Since Zayn had messed up, then he could not blame Tristan for being merciless.

In the end, Zayn cursed. "Don't go too far. We're both War Gods. Do you think I'm afraid of you?!" "Country bumpkin!" Tristan glanced at him.

Zayn instantly exploded!

The Strongest War God chapter 172-All Five Team Leaders will be Executed
In actual fact, these two people had known each other for more than ten years and had formed a deep relationship in the northern territory.

However, in terms of status, Zayn Ziegler was more than a level lower than Tristan Yandell.

Back in the northern territory, Tristan was ranked among the five heavenly kings. His status was only lower than Cripple Carden's.

Later, Tristan was transferred to the capital garrison and remained silent for three years. To outsiders, his strength had not increased at all.

!!

This made Zayn feel a little smug. As a ninth-level War God, he had already forgotten the majesty of heavenly king Yandell!

"We're both ninth-level War Gods, but there's still a huge difference between us!" Tristan said coldly.

"Don't go too far!" Zayn's gaze was unfriendly.

"You country bumpkin!" Tristan's eyes were filled with disdain.

Zayn was so angry that his lungs were about to explode.

In the next moment, the two of them attacked each other.

Zayn waved his fist, but it did not reach Tristan.

Boom!

An invisible force landed on Zayn's chest, causing him to stagger and almost fall to the ground.

At this moment, everyone was shocked!

Releasing force?

How was this possible?

“You...” Zayn cried out involuntarily, “Releasing your force. King-level technique... You...” “What do you mean, you? You country bumpkin. Do you really think I’ve been touring the mountains and rivers every day in the capital for the past three years?” Tristan liked to call Zayn a country bumpkin.

Zayn’s eyes were filled with shock. He could not believe that Tristan had mastered a king-level technique at the War God level.

This was clearly a ticket to becoming a king.

According to this situation, in less than three years, this guy would definitely become a king.

At the marquis level, they were basically invincible.

If one was not a king, one would not be able to block his attacks.

When the dark force was released, it was invisible and could kill you with a mere thought.

This was what Tristan had said. They were both ninth-level War Gods, but Zayn was just a country bumpkin. He did not understand the difference between them.

Braydon Neal stood with his hands behind his back and watched calmly.

“Hmph!” Tristan snorted coldly. “You’ll have to explain what happened tonight to the Northern King yourself!” Zayn smiled bitterly, not knowing where to start.

Tristan turned around and took a step forward. His pressure spread out, intimidating Tony Wally and the others. He asked indifferently, “For the last time, I’ll ask you again: who captured Lucian Cross?” “If you don’t say anything, I’ll kill all of you on the spot and dismiss the Quill team!” Tristan had the right to dismiss a group. This was the prestige of the governor!

Tony could not help but bend down and was about to open his mouth.

Deputy team leader Bowen Zak broke out in cold sweat. “Deputy Governor Yandell, I was the one who captured Lucian Cross.” Bang!

Tristan raised his hand and swept up a hurricane, directly sending the person flying. Bowen fell heavily to the ground.

“Why did you capture him?” Tristan questioned.

Bowen was terrified and coughed up blood. “Lucian Cross attacked in the downtown area, displaying the strength of a martial artist and injuring someone!” “Transfer his secret file!” Tristan’s eyes were sharp like swords.

He would handle today’s matter without troubling Braydon.

The plane crash and Braydon’s injury had already angered Tristan. How was he going to explain this to Westley Hader if this matter were to spread back to the capital?

Tristan gave a secret order, and the Quill team’s secret file room was opened up. He retrieved the files regarding Lucian Cross.

Every special operations team had a dossier.

Once it was filed and sealed, the Quill team had no right to make any changes. Regardless of whether it was destroyed or modified, it had to be approved by the central Hansworth main team.

This was also to prevent the special operations teams from deceiving their superiors and subordinates.

Moreover, the things recorded in the dossier could not have a single mistake.

If someone were to simply record something down, he would be punished and executed.

The special operations team intimidated the martial artists from all over the world. Sometimes, they could act first and report later. When they encountered unruly martial artists, they could even kill them on the spot.

The authority was so great that strict rules had to be set.

Next, Lucian’s personal file was pulled out. Tristan turned around and handed it over with both hands.

Braydon took it and flipped through it gently. His eyes then turned cold!

Lucian was in the downtown area of the provincial capital, and the person he injured was not an ordinary person, but a martial artist.

The martial artist was called Tyler Zak.

He was Bowen Zak's nephew, and Bowen was the deputy team leader of the Quill team.

"Lucian, why did you cripple Tyler Zak?" Braydon asked.

"I wanted to kill him!" Lucian's tone was very light, as if he was talking about a trivial matter.

"Lucian, don't be rude!" Yelena Cross shouted.

"Deputy Governor Yandell, did you see that? This person is arrogant and unruly!" Bowen took the opportunity to speak.

Younes Cross was a little angry. "Lucian, why are you throwing a tantrum? If you don't explain what happened today, you'll be in big trouble!" "Grandpa, the Quill team is rotten to the core. What's there to say!" Lucian said calmly.

He had already given up on the Quill team.

Tony and the others' expressions changed slightly. They knew that Lucian's words were his greatest dissatisfaction with the Quill team.

"Lucian, don't spout nonsense!" Yelena shouted in a low voice.

"Why not? How many good people are there in the Quill team? Deputy team leader Bowen Zak personally used an iron hook to pierce through my lute bone just to protect his nephew. Sister, do you know what evil Tyler Zak has committed?" Lucian's calm words contained a hint of anger.

"What did Tyler Zak do?" Braydon asked softly.

"I'm sure the Quill team knows what evil he has done. Don't you know that Tyler Zak is an official member of the Quill team?" Lucian sneered.

"Bring Tyler Zak's secret file here." Tristan frowned.

When this order was given, Bowen's face turned pale, and he staggered, almost losing his balance.

He knew too well how many mistakes his nephew had made.

If it was exposed today, it would be a huge disaster for the entire Zak family!

A secret scroll was pulled out.

After Zayn had finished reading, he was as furious as a lion. “Bastard!” “What a good Quill main team!” Tristan looked at the thick document.

Braydon glanced at him, and his thin lips moved slightly. “Tyler Zak is from the Zak family in the provincial capital. He’s an intermediate warrior. He joined the Quill team at the age of sixteen. To congratulate him, he invited his friends to a banquet at the Quill Hotel that night and raped two waitresses while drunk!

“The next month, the parents of the two waitresses reported the case to the police in anger. Both of them went missing the next day, and the case was left unsettled!” This was only the first page of the record. There were even more dirty things after that.

Martial artists committing evil deeds was a shocking thing!

However, Tyler Zak was a member of the Quill team, and his uncle was the deputy team leader of the Quill team.

Who could do anything to him?

Braydon closed the file and smiled lightly. “Team Leader Wally, have the four deputy team leaders seen this confidential document?” It was a gentle question.

Tristan gently placed his right hand on the hilt of his sword.

Zayn’s pupils constricted. Then, he closed his eyes, knowing that these people would definitely die today.

To make such a huge mistake was end of the road for anyone.

The dignified Quill team had actually become a place to hide evil. He, Zayn Ziegler, could not absolve himself of the blame!

At this moment, Tony Wally’s face was pale, and he could not explain himself!

As the leader of the Quill team, how could he not have seen this file?

The four deputy team leaders were trembling.

They, who had been domineering in Quill, were finally afraid now.

Braydon's white clothes fluttered in the wind. His eyes were as sharp as swords, and his thin lips moved slightly. "The Quill main team will be disbanded today. All five team leaders will be executed!"

The Strongest War God chapter 173-Hidden Agent Lucian Cross of the North Greets the Commander!

Everyone was shocked.

Everyone looked at this young man in white. His methods were truly terrifying.

Executing five team leaders with just one sentence?

The team leader and the four deputies must all die!

!!

Zayn Ziegler's eyes were filled with shock and anger. He cupped his fists and knelt on one knee. "Tony Wally and the others are in the wrong, but their crimes do not warrant death. Please show mercy, Northern King!" Zayn still dared to plead for mercy?

For such a scandal to happen in the Quill team, Zayn was not strict enough to discipline them. He could not escape the blame!

Tristan Yandell was so angry that he laughed. "You still dare to plead for mercy? The Quill team is right under your nose, hiding evil and doing evil. As the commander, you are useless. You can't escape punishment!" Tony and the others looked at the young man in white in disbelief.

Braydon Neal was dressed in a snow-white robe, with a black cloak wrapped around his shoulders. The golden Qilin pattern on it was dignified and noble, as if he was stepping on the clouds and glaring at everyone present!

"Golden Qilin embroidery, northern flag symbol, you are... the Northern Army Commander!" Tony's face turned pale. He finally understood why his commander kept calling the young man in white the Northern King.

In this world, the only person who dared to call himself the Northern King was the ruler of the north!

The Northern King!

He had actually appeared here!

Lucian Cross' eyes were fixed on Braydon's back. The lifelike and majestic Qilin embroidery caused his calm breathing to become erratic.

This proved that his heart was extremely restless.

Under everyone's watchful eyes.

Lucian, who was thin and frail, had iron handcuffs on his hands. His ankles were chained up, and his shoulders were pierced through by iron hooks. Blood flowed out from time to time.

"Greetings, Commander!" He knelt down on one knee, cupped his fists and shouted, "Hidden Agent, Lucian Cross from the north pays his respects to the Commander!" Swoosh!

The entire place was silent.

Tony and the others widened their eyes in disbelief.

"What?!" Bowen Zak cried out.

Lucian Cross was from the north?

He was even a hidden agent from the north!

If they touched the people of the north, no one in the world could protect the people of the Quill team.

Yelena Cross covered her mouth with her fair fingers. Her eyes were filled with shock. She could not believe that her own brother was actually a hidden agent in the north!

Lucian had never told anyone about this!

Zayn's tiger eyes were filled with shock. Then, his eyes flashed with anger. He wanted to say something, but he did not dare to.

Lucian's exposure of his identity was forcing everyone in the Quill team to their deaths!

The north's hidden agents were people from the northern territory!

According to the rules of the north, they would kill whoever stained their comrades' blood!

Blood for blood, tooth for tooth, this was the style of the northern army!

The strongest elites of Hansworth were the northern army!

Pursuing the concept of killing as protection, resisting the eight countries outside the borders, and roaring like a tiger around the world. This kind of force was good at fighting, brave, and not afraid of killing!

If they touched the people of the north, the heavens would not be able to protect the Quill team.

Furthermore, Lucian's shoulder bone had been pierced through.

These were people from the north!

The one who was humiliated was the northern army!

The people of the Quill team had humiliated the north like this. Their whole families should be executed for their crimes.

Therefore, Lucian's exposure of his identity was equivalent to forcing everyone in the Quill team to their deaths!

The surrounding people were shocked.

Lucian knelt on one knee, facing Braydon.

Tristan Yandell said in a low voice, "Since you are a hidden agent of the north, which department do you belong to? Do you have any tokens on you?" "I belong to the warrior's department of the north. I joined the north five years ago. My token is the Silver Qilin!" There was a scar on Lucian's left arm, and there was something hidden in the flesh.

A small silver Qilin the size of a stone was dug out by him, and it was dripping with blood.

This was the northern token!

Every hidden agent must have this item.

Tristan also recognized the item.

Zayn took a look and finally closed his eyes slowly. He knew that Tony and the others were not the only ones who had to die today!

Zayn would also be punished!

He was in charge of the Quill team, but he had caught a hidden agent from the north and injured Lucian Cross.

He was stained with the blood of his comrades!

Everyone in the northern region knew about the eight ironclad laws of the north.

Those who were stained with the blood of their comrades must die.

Braydon took the small silver Qilin and said softly, "You are from the north. How many years has it been since I, Braydon Neal, took charge of the northern army? Who dares to insult my soldiers?"

"Even if it's the eight countries outside the borders, they wouldn't dare to insult our northern army!"

"But today, in this small piece of land, someone insulted the north and hurt my fellow soldiers. Little Monkey, how do you want to settle this blood debt?" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly, and the Northern King sword in his hand was unsheathed again.

The Northern King sword was unsheathed, and the sword light swept past, cutting off Lucian's ankle cuffs and handcuffs.

Only the iron hook on Lucian's shoulder blade was extremely difficult to remove.

Tristan said coldly, "Whether they are active or retired, as long as my comrades from the north are not in the wrong, those who hurt them will be killed without mercy!" "Then, kill them!" Braydon glanced at Tony and the others.

At this moment, Tristan revealed his killing intent.

“Lord Northern King, I...” Bowen Zak’s face turned pale as he knelt down.

Swoosh!

The Northern King had already given the order to kill him. It was useless to beg for mercy!

All five of them must die!

Tristan’s sword flashed past, slashing Bowen Zak and killing him on the spot.

The Quill team leader, Tony Wally, was killed.

On this night, it was raining heavily. The sky was covered in dark clouds, thunder roared, and lightning flashed.

The atmosphere was terrifyingly oppressive.

Blood flowed on the floor.

Braydon glanced at Zayn. His thin lips moved slightly, and his voice was like thunder. “Kneel down!” Zayn knelt on both knees. He knew how big of a mistake he had made!

“You didn’t manage your subordinates well and hurt my northern comrades. Kneel here for a night and think about what you have done!” Braydon brought Lucian into the hall.

Only Zayn knelt outside the door, allowing the rain to hit him.

He was the commander of the three provinces of the central plains, and he was also known as the Warblade of the Central Plains.

Now, he was kneeling here!

“You, hand over the cold sword!” Tristan said coldly.

“I’m not handing it over!” Zayn raised his head, his eyes flashing with disbelief. At this moment, he stubbornly refused to hand over his sword!

For the soldiers of the north, even if they were retired, they did not have to hand over their northern cold sword.

From the moment they entered the north, the cold sword was with every soldier.

At this moment, asking Zayn to hand over the cold sword was equivalent to forcing him to commit suicide!

To the men of the north, they would rather die than hand over their sword!

The northern cold sword was their faith!

Tristan said coldly, "Tony Wally and the others are still your subordinates. If you cripple my northern comrades, your hands are stained with their blood. You are no longer worthy of holding a cold sword!" "I, Zayn Ziegler, admit to such a huge mistake!" Zayn shouted.

"But if you ask me to hand over my cold sword, I won't do it!

"You, Tristan Yandell, have no right to make me hand over my sword!

"If this is the commander's intention, I, Zayn Ziegler, will kill myself here. I won't hand over the cold sword even if I die!

"Born as a northern person, die as a northern soul, guarding the desert for eight thousand miles!" ... At this moment, Zayn was kneeling in the rainy night as he pulled out the black cold sword at his waist.

This pitch-black blade was three feet, three inches long. It was extremely sharp, and he placed it horizontally in front of his neck.

Whoosh!

A stone shot out and knocked away the sword in Zayn's hand.

"Tristan, do you want to force your comrade to death?" Braydon asked angrily. "Join him in kneeling for a night and think about what you've done!"

The Strongest War God chapter 174-Namar's Envoy Has Arrived!

With an order, Tristan Yandell knelt in the rainy night, allowing the rain to hit him, making him look like a drowned rat.

He was kneeling together with Zayn Ziegler!

The two brothers, one deputy governor and one commander, knelt outside the door.

This made people want to laugh.

!!

Tristan admitted his mistake and glanced at Zayn, muttering, "Country bumpkin!" "F*ck you!" Zayn was so angry that he was steaming at the ears.

He was almost forced to his death by this bastard tonight, but in the end, he was punished to kneel in the rainy night in front of his subordinates.

He had already lost enough face.

In the end, Tristan still called him a country bumpkin?

Zayn was livid!

"You brainless country bumpkin!" Tristan glared at him.

"Yandell, I'll fight you to the death!" Zayn turned around and pounced on Tristan. He did not care about the order from his commander since Tristan was trampling all over his dignity!

What dignity did Zayn still have!

The two of them fought in the mud pit, rolling around and turning into mud figurines.

After fighting for a long time, their faces were swollen, and they were part of the ground with all the mud covering them. They lay in the mud pit and panted heavily.

The two of them were silent for a while.

"Aren't you going to thank me?" Tristan said unhappily.

"F*ck you, you almost killed me, and you want me to thank you?" Zayn was fuming.

"You country bumpkin, do you think this is me trying to have you killed?" Tristan said in disdain.

Zayn fell silent.

They knew what Zayn had done wrong today.

It was not just that Tony Wally and the others had used the Quill team to do these dirty things.

More importantly, Tony and the others had injured Lucian Cross of the north!

Throwing an iron hook through Lucian's lute bone was an insult to the northern army.

In terms of crime, Zayn could be severely punished, and the cold sword at his waist could be removed.

However, Braydon Neal knew that with Zayn's character, taking away his sword was equivalent to forcing Zayn to die.

Therefore, Tristan forced Zayn to do this. In the end Braydon himself had spoken, which meant that Zayn would be fine.

What if Braydon had personally asked to take Zayn's sword?

There would be no room for negotiation!

At that time, Zayn would definitely die.

At this moment, the two of them were kneeling in the mud pit, each more miserable than the other.

Originally, Tristan had nothing to do with it, but he insisted on meddling and end up being punished together.

In the bright living room.

Braydon personally helped Lucian Cross remove the iron hook and heal his injuries.

Lucian couldn't not be bothered to rest and said in a low voice, "Hidden Agent Lucian Cross showed up without any orders. Please punish me, Commander!" "It doesn't matter. I'm here personally. If you didn't show yourself, it would have been a mockery to me, the northern army!" As Braydon spoke, he could not help but think of that old fox Zito.

He was a hidden agent from the north through and through, refusing to acknowledge Braydon Neal as his commander.

What could he do?

When the old commander Finley Yanagi went missing, many dead spies lost contact with him. There was no evidence to prove that Old Man Zito was a spy in the north.

Therefore, Braydon could not do anything to him.

He could only let that old fellow live in the Neal family manor.

In the future, if Braydon found out that Old Man Zito was a spy in the north, he would be able to find out more.

Needless to say, it would be a miracle if he did not personally cripple Old Man Zito.

Younes Cross had only just found out that Lucian was a hidden agent in the north. He smiled bitterly. He did not expect his grandson to keep it a secret for so long.

“Why didn’t you tell us that you’re from the northern territory when you were detained by the Quill team?” Braydon chuckled.

“I’m a hidden agent from the north. I won’t show myself until I receive the military order. Today, the commander is here. I recognized the Qilin official robe, so I exposed myself.” Lucian was a hidden agent, so he had his bottom line.

If Braydon had not come today, even if Lucian were to die, he would not have exposed his identity as a hidden agent.

The people of the north were all tough bones!

Braydon chuckled. “Since your identity as a hidden agent has been exposed, let’s go back to the northern territory!” “Understood!” Lucian naturally obeyed.

“Braydon, thank you so much for tonight.” Younes smiled bitterly.

“Grandpa Cross, there’s no need to thank me. Thirteen years ago, you and Uncle Quinby braved the rainy night to travel to Preston on the highway. You

and Grandma Sage secretly protected me and my parents. I will remember this kindness for the rest of my life!" Braydon vaguely revealed to Lucian the relationship between the Neal family and the Cross family.

"Commander, you are from the Neal family?" Lucian was shocked.

"Yeah, you two met when you were young!" Younes lamented that time had no mercy.

In the blink of an eye, these juniors had all grown up.

As the sky gradually brightened.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back. He went to the door and looked at the two people who had their heads lowered.

"Come in and wash up. We're going back to Preston!" Braydon glanced at Tristan.

Tristan stood up and went to find a place to wash the dirt off his body.

"I'll have the Quill team's helicopter send you back to Preston," Zayn said, testing the waters with Braydon.

"The Quill team will be disbanded from today onward. Give the order to kill the Zak family. Find Tyler Zak and kill him on the spot. Investigate all members of the Quill team!" Braydon ordered.

"Understood!" Zayn said solemnly.

The Quill team was rotten to the core and had to be investigated from top to bottom.

A pitch-black helicopter slowly rose from the Quill team's base. Braydon and his group then left.

Zayn personally took over the Quill team and investigated all the information in the secret archives.

Investigating the 572 members of the Quill main team!

The central Hansworth main team even sent guards over to prevent chaos from happening in the Quill team.

Whoever dared to cause trouble would be killed without mercy!

The guards of the five main team were the true elite forces.

Tristan and the others had just returned to the Neal family's place.

There were guests who had been waiting in the bright hall for a long time.

The person who came was Gunter Bell!

"Did the Preston research lab encounter a problem?" Tristan entered.

Gunter smiled bitterly and cupped his hands. "Deputy Governor Yandell, the research lab has the technical blueprints provided by Young Master Neal. They have been conducting in-depth research and have already produced an anti-gravity device with a weight of 300 tons. I'm here regarding another matter." "Then say it, don't dawdle!" Tristan was instantly displeased when he saw that he had guessed wrongly.

"Namar's envoy has arrived today to pay a visit to Young Master Neal!"

"According to the procedure, the emissary delegation should hand in official documents and head to the capital!" Braydon sat at the head of the table, drinking bitter tea.

Gunter could only tell the truth. "Because of the incident at Preston University's research lab, the power supply in Namar has been cut off. It hasn't been restored yet!"

"In addition to the black sword virus, Namar's power grid was almost paralyzed!"

"According to the assessment of the experts in their country, it will take five years for them to fully recover. They also need to crack the black sword virus. This is under the condition that the black sword virus creator will not attack them again!" Gunter stated the purpose of Namar's diplomatic mission.

It was precisely because Braydon had taken action last time and defeated the Namar Electric Power Company, leaving behind the black sword virus.

Namar was really about to collapse!

Tristan said disdainfully, "It's this kind of trick again. In the past, they were threatened by the military commander in the northern territory. They wanted to

cede eight hundred miles of land in exchange for peace!” Bullying the weak and fearing the strong, the eight countries outside the borders were all like this!

The Strongest War God chapter 175-How Should I Deal with It?

The eight foreign countries were all ambitious and had always wanted to encroach on the territory of the northern territory.

Every few decades, they would be restless. They would forget the pain and want to encroach on the northern territory.

A few years ago, the old general Finley Yanagi went missing, and the young master ascended the throne!

At that time, Braydon Neal was only eleven years old!

!!

Such a young commander of the northern army had given the eight countries outside the border an opportunity. They had been at war for years, intending to cross the border and kill their way through the country.

At that time, although the three sons of the north were young, none of them were weak!

There were no good guys among the top ten ruthless men of the north!

As a teen, he led 100,000 elites of the north to fight against the eight countries outside the borders!

That period of war lasted for a full six years!

Until Braydon became a king at the peak of Mount Bliz at the age of seventeen. He wielded the Northern King sword and slaughtered 720,000 elites from eight countries outside the border. This battle shocked the world.

From then on, the eight countries outside the borders were extremely terrified. That night, they sent emissaries to ask for peace, wanting to cede territories as an apology!

However, Braydon did not even care about an inch of the outsiders' land!

King Braydon only wanted to protect the beautiful mountains and rivers of Hansworth.

Whoever dared to touch it would be killed without mercy!

With this idea, the eight thousand miles of the north would be impregnable. Ten gates would be erected at the border, and the ten ruthless men would each guard a place. The eight countries outside the borders would be terrified!

At this moment.

“Where is the Namar diplomatic envoy?” Braydon asked.

Gunter Bell replied, “Looking at the time, they should be reaching Preston soon. They arrived in the capital before daybreak. Then, they will head to Preston from the capital. The capital’s garrison will personally escort them.” “I’m really giving them face. They even want to be escorted by the capital’s garrison. If I were in the capital, I would have slaughtered them!” Tristan Yandell could do what he said.

Soldiers from the northern territory were all good at fighting. According to the ridicule on the Internet, people like Tristan were typical of people who advocated tough and aggressive methods!

As long as these people encountered a threat from outside the borders, they would not care about negotiations and would directly advocate fighting.

Since they were going to fight, they would push the battle line for eight hundred miles and destroy them in one battle!

The ten ruthless men of the north were all like this.

Furthermore, the north and the eight countries were mortal enemies!

How much blood of the soldiers of the north had stained the hands of the eight countries all these years?

It was probably uncountable!

As for the people from the eight countries, Tristan and the other ruthless men would kill them on sight!

Gunter Bell smiled bitterly. "We have no choice but to escort them. The capital's garrison is wary of you, Deputy Governor Yandell. They are afraid that you will directly kill them. When the time comes, Namar will be furious, and war will break out again. It will be troublesome." " F*cking dog fart. You're wearing a military uniform. Are you afraid of Namar?"

Tristan instantly exploded, his face dark. "Back in the northern territory, ever since the commander took over the north, the ten legions of the northern army had been through hundreds of battles. Wherever the blade pointed, they would look down on everyone!"

"The northern army's tigers roar all over the world, and the hundred countries tremble in fear!"

"The northern army is defending the prestige of Hansworth. They are not to be provoked. They wear black uniforms and hold our northern cold swords. They follow the principle of killing for protection. They are not afraid of war!"

"Ever since the commander was crowned the king at the peak of Mount Bliz at the age of seventeen, we, the north, have beaten up the trash of the eight countries. We have beaten them until they are terrified!"

"Gunter Bell, let me tell you this, if Namar dares to provoke us, the men of the north will dare to push the front line for eight thousand miles and kill their way through the capital of Namar. Let them understand that the might of Hansworth cannot be provoked!" ... Tristan's eyes were cold and filled with killing intent.

All the members of the north had the same attitude toward this matter.

As long as the eight countries outside the border dared to provoke them, the north would dare to fight!

There were no weaklings in the north. They were defending the prestige of Hansworth!

The prestige of the country could not be provoked!

This was the first thing Braydon learned when he entered the northern territory at the age of seven.

Gunter smiled bitterly, knowing that he had said something wrong.

Braydon sat at the head of the table, wrapped in a Qilin robe. His slender fingers gently put down the teacup, and he smiled lightly. "You said just now that the capital's garrison is escorting the Namar emissary delegation to guard against you. Other than the little monkey, you were also hinting at me, right?" "I have no such intentions!" Gunter's face turned green.

If he had known earlier, he would not have said anything.

With just one sentence, he had offended two supreme figures.

Gunter secretly hated himself for being rude. He would remember today's lesson.

"If you are implying that I am the one behind this, Namar's envoy will not be able to come to Preston alive!" Braydon flicked his finger and smiled.

"Ah?" Gunter was stunned.

Tristan sneered. "The commander's coronation at the age of twenty is just around the corner. If Namar's envoy is here to cause trouble, Westley won't let them come to Preston alive!" Gunter's heart jolted as he suddenly thought of the capital garrison's governor Westley Hader!

If he had the intention to kill, Namar's envoy would not be able to come to Preston!

Westley Hader was not a kind person!

There were even more ruthless people in the capital's garrison!

The few of them chatted.

Braydon stood up with his hands behind his back and went to his fourth uncle's courtyard to see Ginny Neal.

He only had one sister, so he naturally doted on her a lot.

In the small courtyard, Ginny was wearing pink sportswear and learning boxing from her father.

"Big Brother!" When Ginny saw her big brother, she could not help but giggle.

Braydon bent down to pick up the little girl, pinched her nose, and smiled gently. "Not bad, your punches are decent." "Braydon, is Lucian alright?" Liam Neal asked about the Cross family.

Braydon chuckled. "He's fine. It's just that I was in a hurry this time. I didn't have time to visit Uncle Quinby." "When we have time, let's go and see him together!" Liam was relieved to hear that Lucian was fine.

Next, Braydon personally taught his sister how to fight.

A king level thousand-year genius was much stronger than Liam.

Logan Hall quietly arrived at the door and softly reminded Braydon, "Young Master Braydon, Namar's envoy has arrived!" Liam was shocked. Knowing his nephew's identity, it was not strange for Namar's emissary delegation to visit.

"Braydon, go do your work. I'll teach Ginny." However, based on Braydon's previous intentions, this matter had been handed over to Tristan.

Previously Braydon had asked Tristan to come to Preston because he had expected that Namar would send an envoy to resolve the black sword virus issue. He did not want to meet the people of Namar.

He was afraid that he could not help but kill those guys!

That was why Braydon had brought Tristan over.

One was to see why Tristan's strength had not improved an inch in the past three years.

The second reason was to let Tristan handle this matter.

Logan hesitated and whispered, "Deputy Governor Yandell said that he didn't see the official document from Namar's envoy!" At this moment, Braydon's eyes were filled with cold killing intent!

Tristan did not see the official document of Namar's envoy, which meant that they did not submit the inquiry letter. These people had trespassed into Hansworth without permission!

According to the ironclad law, foreign martial artists who trespassed into Hansworth would be killed without mercy!

“Big Brother Tristan asked me to ask you how we should deal with this.” Logan said in a low voice.

Braydon’s steps were like a tiger’s. His golden Qilin robe danced in the wind, revealing the Northern King sword he was wearing. He walked to the entrance of the Neal family’s manor, his left hand gently resting on the hilt of the sword at his waist.

When Logan saw this, his eyelids twitched.

“How should we deal with this?” Braydon asked indifferently. “Without official documents, foreign martial artists who trespass into Hansworth will be killed without mercy!”

The Strongest War God chapter 176-All Grass Blades Bow, Everyone Bows
His cold words were filled with killing intent!

Braydon Neal spat those words out.

Logan Hall hurriedly followed, no longer daring to speak.

The southern emissary delegation did not submit any official documents, inquiry letters, or report the number of people, yet they dared to cross the border.

!!

They were provoking the Northern King, Braydon!

In the northern territory, if such a situation were to happen, without another word, he would kill them!

When foreign martial artists crossed over, no matter how many people there were, they would kill them.

This was the ironclad law of the north!

There was no need to introduce the lethality of martial artists.

If the foreign martial artists were here to cause trouble, a warlord level could kill thousands of ordinary people in a few minutes!

Be it Hansworth or the hundred countries around the world.

They all followed this ironclad law!

Foreign martial artists who crossed the border without permission, no matter who it was, would be killed without mercy.

If Namar's emissary delegation did not hand over any official documents or entry records, it was against the law!

Under the ironclad law, whoever dared to touch the red line would be killed without mercy!

At the entrance of the Neal family manor.

A group of thirty-six people, all from Namar, was part of the envoy.

Escorted by a hundred capital garrison guards, the leader was a beginner War God named Frodo Lance.

He stepped forward and cupped his hands. "Big Brother Yandell, the envoy from Namar has been escorted to the Neal family. The mission of guarding the capital has been completed!" "Heavenly King Yandell, may I ask if His Highness the Northern King is here?" The leader of the thirty-six-man emissary group was also a War God. He looked to be in his fifties and was the emissary of the envoy. His name was Xavi Ross.

Namar was no stranger to Tristan Yandell!

Tristan, who was one of the five heavenly kings of the northern territory, was a member of the north. He was on par with Cripple Carden and White-clothed Yuri Qualls. He was regarded as a deadly enemy by the eight countries outside the border.

He was also the core commander of the northern army!

Therefore, there was nothing wrong with Xavi calling Tristan heavenly king Yandell.

"Take out your official documents!" Tristan said indifferently.

"Heavenly King Yandell, this time, we are secretly interviewing His Royal Highness the Northern King. We are not announcing it to the public. Otherwise, if it is reported, it will be very embarrassing for us!" Xavi explained softly.

However, this explanation would not work on Tristan's side.

"I'm asking you, where is your official document?" Tristan's tone was cold.

"Uhh..." Xavi had an ominous feeling.

However, a man in his early thirties in the emissary group was furious. "We've already explained that we're here to pay a secret visit to His Royal Highness the Northern King. We didn't hand in any official documents!" The atmosphere instantly became terrifying.

Xavi's expression changed drastically. "Stand down! You have no right to speak here!" he shouted.

He knew that these lunatics in the northern territory were all warmongers and had never been weaker than them!

Try provoking an overseas martial artist!

None of the people of the north were afraid, they would fight to defend Hansworth.

Tristan's eyes turned cold. His fingers gently rested on the hilt of his sword at his waist as he said softly, "If you don't have an official document, it means that you've crossed the border without permission. According to the ironclad law of the northern territory, foreign martial artists who trespass into Hansworth will be killed without mercy!" Everyone was shocked.

This was Namar's emissary delegation!

Frodo's eyelids twitched. He stepped forward and said, "Big Brother Yandell, they are after all martial artists from Namar." "Tristan Yandell, don't go too far. We have Namar behind us. Try and touch us!" The thirty-year-old man was furious.

"You can't bear the consequences if you dare to attack us!" everyone in the emissary group shouted.

Tit for tat.

Tristan was so angry that he laughed. He glanced at Frodo and shouted coldly, "You, get lost immediately!" "Big Brother Yandell, we really can't act recklessly!" Frodo looked bitter.

Tristan attacked on the spot, his left hand releasing an invisible force.

Boom!

Frodo seemed to have suffered a heavy blow. He flew backward and coughed up blood non-stop, causing the hundred capital garrison members to lower their heads and not dare to speak too much.

Because in terms of position, Tristan was the deputy governor. Teaching them a lesson was the same as teaching his subordinates a lesson.

Who dared to say anything?

Xavi cried out in shock, "Force release, king-level technique?!" A new king was born in the north?

Tristan released his aura, his tiger body filled with killing intent as he said coldly, "Namar is behind you? What's there to be afraid of? I still have Hansworth behind me!

"What do I have to fear when facing Namar?

"I have one billion members of the great Hansworth behind me. The great Hansworth isn't weaker than anyone!

"Hansworth's prestige cannot be provoked!

"Hansworth was founded on martial arts. In this life, we will never lose face in the hands of our ancestors. Our ancestors built our country on martial arts. Our country's prestige is not to be challenged by barbarians like you!

"Frodo Lance, return to the capital to defend the garrison. Take two hundred military lashes. Otherwise, even Westley won't be able to protect you!

... At this moment, Tristan's entire body was filled with an iron-blooded killing intent that soared into the sky. The cold sword in his hand had already been unsheathed.

Frodo's lips felt bitter. As a War God, he was not qualified to make any suggestions in front of the three governors!

A commander from the north's pride was like iron.

Their generation was defending Hansworth's national prestige and guarding the country's borders.

If any of the barbarians outside the borders dared to provoke them, the millions of elites in black would fight with their lives.

This was the rule of the north!

Pursuing the concept of killing as protection!

Hansworth's strongest army, the northern army, was like a dragon.

At this moment, a young man in white slowly walked over from the depths of the manor.

He was dressed in snow-white clothes and had a thin body. A black cape was tied around his shoulders, embroidered with a golden Qilin. His footsteps were like a tiger, and as he walked, the grass bent over, and everyone bowed.

King Braydon had finally arrived!

With the Qilin official robe on his body, there was no need to doubt Braydon Neal's identity.

"Commander!" Tristan turned around and cupped his hands.

"Frodo Lance from the garrison of the capital, greets Lord Northern King with a hundred members!" Frodo had to bow.

In front of this King Braydon, who in the world would dare to be disrespectful?

He was an invincible legend standing here!

He was the faith of everyone in the northern territory!

His influence spread all over the world.

Even outside the borders, a portion of martial artists was fanatical believers of the Northern King.

When Xavi saw the young man in white, his body trembled. There were thirty-six people in the envoy, and all of them were afraid.

In the eight foreign countries, the plain-clothed man in the north was the demon king!

Just the Northern King sword in his hand had slaughtered millions of people from the eight countries outside the borders!

At that time, King Braydon had said something on the day he was conferred the title of king on the summit of Mount Bliz.

Killing one was a sin, slaughtering ten thousand was a hero, slaughtering nine million was a hero among heroes!

That one sentence shocked the eight countries outside the borders, and they did not dare to act rashly for a whole year.

One could imagine how terrifying the killing intent contained in these words was.

As long as the eight countries outside the borders dared to invade the northern territory, this King Braydon would dare to kill them.

In front of the country borders, even if there were millions of enemies, he still dared to kill them all!

At this moment, Braydon was standing there, and everyone was bowing!

Logan Hall's eyes were filled with reverence. He knew that the Northern King he followed was a terrifying figure.

He would follow him for the rest of his life without any regrets!

"Official documents!" Braydon stood with his hands behind his back.

One sentence with only two words.

"Your Highness, the Northern King, this time, I'm paying you a secret visit, so ..." Xavi Ross did not finish his sentence.

There was no official document!

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "Kill all thirty-six of them!"

The Strongest War God chapter 177-raydon Neal Wielding a Sword, The North's Elegance The entire place was deathly silent.

Xavi Ross and his group's faces changed drastically.

"Your Royal Highness, are you trying to start a war?" The thirty-year-old youth's legs were trembling.

Xavi roared in anger, "Shut up! Your Highness, please think twice. Although we didn't submit the official documents, we are still warriors of Namar." !!

Braydon Neal glanced at them, a smile slowly appearing on his lips.

So what if it was a martial artist from Namar!

Under the ironclad law, martial artists crossing the border without permission, whoever it was, would be killed.

Want to start a war?

These Namar martial artists were thinking too highly of him!

Braydon was from the northern border. When he was young, he was fearless when roaring at the eight countries outside the border.

Now, Namar wanted to use their power to suppress him?

What a joke!

"Pass down the Northern King's order. The North will unsheathe their blades and roar at Namar. I want to see if Namar's ruler has the courage to start this war!" The golden Qilin cape on Braydon's back fluttered, exuding the majesty of the Northern King.

Once the Northern King's order was issued, it would be transmitted to the northern territory!

At this moment, the ten ruthless men of the north received the Northern King's order from Braydon.

In the eight thousand miles of the north, smoke billowed, black clothes swept across the land, and black banners danced. The three thousand Imperial

Guards of the north led the charge, following the Imperial Guards' commander, Cole Colbie, as they stood in front of the gates!

The place where the north's first legion was stationed!

The commander of the first legion, Cole Colbie, was ranked among the three sons of the north. He was the leader of the ten ruthless men.

He stood in front of tiger gate with his hands behind his back. This was the border!

Tiger gate was one of the top ten gates in the north.

A hundred miles away from the tiger gate was Namar.

At this moment, the 100,000 soldiers of the first legion of the north had unsheathed their cold swords. Each of them had a determined look on their faces, and their eyes were filled with cold killing intent. They were waiting for the order to kill at any time!

When the black Qilin flag of tiger gate was raised, the eight countries outside the border were all shocked!

In front of the ten gates, all the black flags were raised.

The ten legions of the north were all on standby.

Although Braydon was a plain-clothed man, he was the king of the northern territory!

The Northern King had millions of loyal followers behind his thin body!

As long as he gave the order, millions of black-robed guards would be willing to die for King Braydon alone.

The terrifying unity of the north was something that those who were not from the northern territory would never understand!

Tristan Yandell turned around and cupped his hands. "Commander, all the troops of the north are on standby!" The faces of the thirty-six people in Xavi's group turned pale.

Braydon's cloak fluttered, revealing the pitch-black hilt of his sword.

This was the Northern King sword.

Swoosh!

The Northern King sword was unsheathed, and a black saber light streaked across the sky like a waterfall.

Frodo Lance and the other one hundred capital garrison guards turned pale and lowered their heads, not daring to look directly at him.

When the Northern King's sword was unsheathed, it would definitely be stained with the enemy's blood.

With one slash, Xavi and the other thirty-six people were all killed on the spot.

War God level?

In front of Braydon, he was no different from an ordinary martial artist. He had killed thirty-six people with a single slash.

The Northern King sword returned to its scabbard in an instant. Braydon's golden Qilin robe fell down, hiding the Northern King sword.

At this moment, the entire place was silent.

Braydon glanced at Frodo, and his thin lips moved slightly. "You've embarrassed Westley!" His words made Frodo's face turn dreadfully pale.

He could not defend himself!

In front of the Northern King, Frodo could only listen.

The capital garrison was an existence that was as famous as the northern army.

Looking at the current situation, the capital garrison actually wanted to be as famous as the north?

Dream on!

The terror of the north could crush the capital garrison.

The two were no longer on the same level.

What was even more terrifying was that the three governors of the capital garrison were all from the north.

In other words, if not for the help of the north, the capital garrison would have been even weaker than it was now.

“Take the corpses away!” Braydon turned around and left.

Frodo’s face was filled with despair. The thirty-six people whom he had personally escorted here had not even been in Preston for an hour, and now their corpses were almost cold.

Frodo was not to be blamed.

These fools from Namar were confronting the north in the northern territory. Both sides were mortal enemies!

They actually dared to visit the Northern King. They really did not know what death was.

Many soldiers of the north had died in the hands of Namar’s martial artists.

As long as Braydon had something on them, he would kill all the martial artists that were from Namar.

Frodo brought the thirty-six corpses back to the capital.

The capital garrison.

In a grand hall, a golden dragon chair was placed up high. It was completely made of gold, and only the current governor could sit on it.

This chair was just that noble.

It was an antique that had been passed down from nearly seven hundred years ago.

On the golden dragon chair sat a black-robed youth. His clothes were embroidered with a golden flying fish. He was sitting high up in the hall, and people stood below him.

Without exception, they were all people from the capital garrison.

“Frodo greets the governor!” Frodo entered and bowed with cupped fists.

“Have they been escorted?” Westley Hader looked at him indifferently.

“Lord Northern King killed them all!” Frodo smiled bitterly.

The hall was deathly silent.

Instantly, everyone in the capital garrison was shocked and could not help but discuss in hushed voices.

They felt that Braydon was too lawless.

All thirty-six envoys of Namar were killed just like that?

He was simply arrogant and did not care about the consequences at all.

“This is in line with my brother’s personality!” Westley smiled faintly.

His words silenced the hall.

More than eighty percent of the important figures in the capital garrison were shocked, thinking that they had heard him wrongly.

Their governor addressed the Northern King as his brother?

This... But those who should understand naturally understood; the three sons of the north, Braydon Neal, Cole Colbie, and Westley Hader.

The three of them were childhood friends!

Westley chuckled. “Martial artists from Namar crossed the border without any official documents. They said that they came to visit my brother, but I felt that they were up to no good. They wanted to kill the Northern King!

“According to the capital’s ironclad law, foreign martial artists who cross the border will be killed without mercy. All thirty-six martial artists of Namar have been killed and filed!” Westley sat at the head of the hall. No one in the capital garrison dared to question his words.

None of them were fools. When they heard their governor address Braydon Neal as a brother, they understood that the thirty-six martial artists of Namar had died in vain.

Below him was an old man, an old War God of the capital garrison. He frowned and cupped his hands. "Governor, how can Namar swallow this matter after the Northern King has done this!" "They can't take this lying down? The ten legions of the north have already raised their Qilin banners. The ten million elite soldiers in black have already unsheathed their blades. The ten ruthless men are on standby. Namar is just a clown!" Westley sat at the head of the hall; his tone filled with disdain.

The old War God and everyone in the capital garrison were shocked.

The Northern King's actions were not something that these capital garrison guards could comment on.

At this moment, Westley glanced at Frodo with a cold look in his eyes and said indifferently, "Men, take him away. Two hundred sticks!" "What?" Everyone below was shocked.

"Governor, what's going on?" The old War God was in disbelief.

"What's going on? Frodo, do I need to say more? I hope that all of you have the character and pride of those in the north!" Westley was the governor, so he was well aware of everything that happened in the Neal family manor.

The Strongest War God chapter 178-White-Clothed Qualls' Warning Frodo Lance actually pleaded for mercy for Namar's martial artists at the Neal family's entrance. He had indeed caused Westley Hader to lose face.

Westley was the third son of the north.

In Braydon Neal's eyes, his brother's subordinates should inherit the character and pride of the people of the north!

The prestige of Hansworth was not something that only the people of the north had to defend.

!!

Everyone in the capital garrison needed to be defended.

He was just a clown from Namar.

After coming to Hansworth, Namar martial artists had no right to show off. If they dared to be arrogant, they would dare to kill their entire family!

At this moment, Westley was sitting high up in the hall. His cold words were laced with cold anger.

Frodo cupped his fists and said in a low voice, "Frodo is willing to accept his punishment. The character of the north has indeed taught me a lesson today!" "Just remember it in your heart. How's Tristan?" Westley asked.

"Deputy Governor Yandell has mastered a king-level technique!" Frodo reported truthfully.

"What? How did he..." The old War God and the others were all stunned.

Tristan Yandell was regarded as a ninth-level War God, and his strength had not improved in the past three years.

How did he suddenly master a king-level technique?

"According to my observation, Deputy Governor Yandell should be conferred the title of marquis in less than a month!" Frodo added.

"The War God realm masters king-level techniques. Once he enters the marquis realm, he will be invincible among his peers. Within three years, he will definitely become a king. This is the joy of the capital garrison!" The old War God and the others were all delighted.

Their capital garrison was about to welcome the era of the two kings.

"It seems like my brother helped him!" Westley chuckled.

Indeed, Braydon had helped Tristan. Otherwise, with that simple-minded fellow, he might have been stuck at the ninth-level War God realm for the rest of his life, unable to be conferred the title of marquis.

At this moment, Namar was even more horrified.

In front of the ten gates of the northern territory, all the soldiers of the northern army drew their sword and pointed them at them. The tigers roaring at Namar, making people tremble in fear!

The capital garrison's governor, Westley Hader, had personally issued a stern reprimand letter.

He actually said that the thirty-six martial artists of Namar were trying to assassinate the Northern King.

The old War God of Namar, who was in charge of this matter, died in the room, either out of fear or anger.

This made Namar even more dumbfounded. No one could explain the exact situation.

However, Namar did not dare to admit that they wanted to assassinate the Northern King!

The north's flag was waving in the northern territory. It was a sign of killing!

If Namar dared to admit to this, how would the north let it go? Assassinating their army commander would definitely force the northern army to start killing again!

Namar had a look of despair. They had sent the emissary group just to secretly visit the Northern King.

Who would have thought that such a good thing would turn into them wanting to assassinate the Northern King, causing millions of soldiers of the north to unsheathe their swords.

How could Namar not be afraid?

As for letting Namar start a war?

Stop fooling around!

Even if the eight countries outside the borders joined forces, they did not dare to touch the northern territory. With the power of Namar alone, who could not even restore the country's electrical power, how could they fight against the northern army?

It was more like sending them to their deaths.

Namar was a little terrified and urgently sent an envoy to visit Braydon Neal again.

However, this time, it was very formal. He handed in the official documents and came openly.

After Westley found out, he could not be bothered and left it to his subordinates to deal with. He sent the capital garrison to lead a team to escort them to Preston.

It was still Frodo Lance leading the escort team.

Neal manor.

Braydon sat in the bright hall and looked at the screen on his tablet. The red number had already exceeded 20 million!

This meant that the black sword virus had infected more than 20 million devices.

This included all walks of life in Namar. There were no intact eggs under the nest!

“Young Master Braydon, Namar has sent another diplomatic envoy!” Logan Hall quietly entered and lowered his head.

“Did you bring the official documents?” Braydon stood up with his hands behind his back.

Logan handed over a thick letter with both hands.

There was an official seal on it, which was the official document that Braydon wanted.

It was written very clearly on the official document that Namar had sent a delegation of seventy-two people with six spiritual herbs and five hundred spiritual stones to visit King Braydon to celebrate his twentieth birthday!

This letter made Braydon laugh.

Namar really knew how to find a reason to celebrate his birthday in a public way.

Him turning twenty was indeed a good reason for their visit.

However, the gifts were six stalks of spiritual herbs and five hundred spiritual stones. It was obvious that they had been transferred from Namar’s national treasury.

Spiritual herbs were hard to find in the world now, but Namar had a population of 90 million. If they could not even take out a few stalks of spiritual herbs, would it not be too shabby?

Braydon held the letter in his left hand and placed his right hand behind his waist. He smiled faintly and said, "Namar's emissary delegation has arrived. They are guests after all. Invite them in!" "Yes, Sir!" The corners of Logan's mouth twitched slightly. He thought to himself, "I didn't see you treat the thirty-six people from Namar as guests." Seventy-two people came in the Neal family's manor with heavy gifts.

The leader was a man in his forties, and his surname was also Ross!

The Ross surname was a prominent surname in Namar. Behind it was a great family. At its peak, it could influence the will of Namar. It was not strange that there were many people with the Ross surname in the upper echelons of Namar.

Among the seventy-two envoys from Namar, the leading envoy, Xion Ross, bowed and said, "Xion Ross, the envoy of Namar, and the members of the envoy wish His Highness the Northern King a long life of 2,000 years!" "Is that so?" Braydon sat at the head of the hall; his body wrapped in a Qilin robe. His quiet temperament exuded the might of a Qilin king!

The people of Namar wished that he, Braydon Neal, would die on the spot. Yet, they were here wishing Braydon a long life of 2,000 years. It was simply nonsense.

Tristan Yandell could not bear to listen to such hypocritical words.

Xion handed over a sandalwood box with both hands and said respectfully, "Our king heard that His Highness the Northern King is about to be crowned, so he specially asked me to bring him a private congratulatory gift!" After saying that, the seventy-two members of Namar's envoy group placed the six spiritual herbs sealed in the jade boxes in front of the bright hall. There were ten exquisite boxes with 500 spiritual stones sealed inside.

These congratulatory gifts were all written in the letter.

Only the sandalwood box in Xion's hand did not have any records.

Tristan frowned and went forward to check, worried that there was a trap inside.

The sandalwood box was gently opened, revealing a fist-sized luminous pearl. It glowed with a soft green light, intoxicating people.

This kind of luminous pearl was hard to find in the world!

It was so big that it could be classified as a national treasure in the cultural relics' world.

However, Braydon did not really care about antiques.

In his villa, there were more than a hundred pieces of porcelain from the five famous kilns of the Soho Empire. Each piece was priceless.

Each of them had a thousand years of history!

Xion's attitude was humble. "Your Royal Highness, our emissary group came earlier. There might be some misunderstanding between us. Please believe that we have no ill intentions!" After saying that.

The capital garrison watch that Tristan was wearing buzzed faintly, and the mirror flickered with red light.

Three flashes of red light per second!

S-level danger signal!

On the other end of the watch, someone was requesting a video call.

This scene attracted everyone's attention.

"Take it!" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

Tristan turned on the wristwatch's projection function. A young man dressed in white stood with his hands behind his back in the middle of a desert.

He was the White-Clothed Killing God, Yuri Qualls!

The Strongest War God chapter 179-, Westley Hader, Only Respect My Brother!

The Killing God, Yuri Qualls, wanted to video call right now... What did it mean?

Xion Ross and the others could not help but turn their heads to secretly take a look. When they saw White-clothed Qualls, their faces could not help but change.

All of Namar's martial artists were no strangers to this Killing God!

The eight countries outside the borders had specially set up archives for the top ten ruthless men of the north, and they studied and collected information day and night.

!!

Tristan Yandell's expression was grave. "S-level northern killing order. What's going on over there?" "The northern territory is safe. With the ten of us standing here, none of the eight countries outside the border will dare to act rashly!" Yuri spoke, his smile containing an unconcealable domineering aura.

"So why are you calling?" Tristan frowned.

"I received a secret order from Boss Cole. The hidden agent in Namar has sent me top-secret information. Namar's envoy group has a total of 108 people, far more than the 72 people stated on their official documents!" White-clothed Qualls said coldly.

The news from the Northern Imperial Guards would not be wrong, and so the hidden agent in Namar would not be wrong either.

After saying this.

The Neal family's bright hall was deathly silent.

Tristan hung up the call and turned around. His finger lightly touched the hilt of the saber at his waist, and killing intent surged out.

The expressions of Xion and the other seventy-two people changed drastically!

They really did not expect that the northern hidden agent had already infiltrated their upper echelons.

The second wave of envoys from Namar had indeed sent 108 people.

But when they reached the border, thirty-six people were hidden, and the remaining seventy-two people openly went to the capital, and so they went to Preston with the official documents.

The key was that the north's hidden agent knew about this on the same day.

The northern army was so terrifying!

Braydon Neal sat at the head of the hall. As he chuckled, a cold killing intent flashed in his eyes.

This killing intent and cold gaze landed on Xion and the others.

Swoosh!

The faces of the seventy-two people turned pale, and they all knelt down in cold sweat!

They represented Namar!

The so-called envoy group of the seventy-two martial artists from Namar all knelt down at this moment, fearing the majesty of the Northern King.

Kneeling just like that?

Namar's face was really thrown away by this group of idiots.

"Your Highness, there must be a misunderstanding!" Xion's entire body trembled. How would he dare to admit it!

However, Braydon ignored Xion and the seventy-two others.

Braydon stood up calmly with his hands behind his back. His thin body was cold, and his thin lips moved slightly. "Find the 36 people who have infiltrated and kill them all!" "Yes, Sir!" Tristan Yandell and Frodo Lance lowered their heads at the same time.

This kind of thing should be the responsibility of the capital garrison!

The northern army faced the outside world, while the capital garrison led the dark division and the five main teams to face the inside world. They

intimidated the martial artists within the country and at the same time, they killed all the martial artists that infiltrated the country!

The infiltration of foreign martial artists was extremely dangerous.

This was not as simple as being a hidden agent.

If a War-God level figure hid among the people and suddenly attacked at a critical moment, it could bring a destructive blow to the city.

Therefore, the thirty-S*x people sent by Namar must be killed without a doubt!

Not a single one could be left alive!

The Northern King's killing order had already been issued, causing Westley Hader, who was guarding the capital, to fly into a rage in the hall!

In the magnificent hall.

On the golden dragon chair, the black-robed youth Westley was emitting a majestic killing intent. He held a secret letter in his hand and laughed angrily. "How dare you, Namar!" "Governor, what's wrong?" The old War God asked.

Westley threw down the secret letter and said coldly, "Look for yourself. I think you've been living in peace for too long. Namar's envoy group has a total of 108 people who have crossed the border. The official document only reports 72 people. You actually have no news of the remaining 36 people!" Everyone was shocked!

This was a huge matter!

If the thirty-six people from Namar were all War Gods, that would be terrifying.

At this moment, all the War Gods in the hall were sweating. They knew that this was definitely a dereliction of duty on the part of the capital garrison.

As the capital's garrison, they protected the capital's safety and led the dark division and the five main teams.

Yet, there was no news of the thirty-six people from outside the borders.

Westley angrily shouted, "Drag all thirty-six of them out and kill them on the spot. If this happens again, you will take off your flying fish robe and leave the

capital garrison!" "Understood!" Below the hall, many War-God level figures had cold sweat on their faces.

How could they not be afraid when the governor was enraged?

"Governor, could this news be wrong?" the old War God asked.

"The news from the northern border was personally confirmed by Cole Colbie, and we were personally warned by White-clothed Qualls and personally ordered by my brother to kill. Tell me, of these three, who do you not trust?" Westley's young body released a pressure.

Usually, when the wind blew, it would cause Westley's black flying fish robe to flutter. The king-level pressure would cause everyone in the hall to bend down, and cold sweat would flow down their backs.

Yuri Qualls, the Killing God, was ranked third among the ten great commanders of the north. He was the ruthless man who had defeated their deputy governor, Tristan Yandell!

The ruthless man in white who slaughtered 100,000 enemies from eight countries outside the borders, do you think he can be trusted?

He was the King of Longevity, one of the three sons of the north.

Cole Colbie's status in the north was on the same level as their capital garrison's Westley Hader, and they were childhood playmates who grew up together, so they were considered childhood friends.

He was listed as the king whose danger level was second only to King Braydon.

Do you think he can be trusted?

There was also the Northern King. Would you believe it then?

This old War God of the capital's garrison dared to doubt him. Westley dared to kill him on the spot!

He was a man of the north, guarding the bitter and cold land of the northern desert. His achievements were unparalleled and could not be doubted by others!

There was also King Braydon, who had carried the northern army at the border at the age of eleven. All these years, he had defended the northern border, step by step, full of blood and tears!

The north could not be humiliated, and outsiders could not question it.

Westley said coldly, "Find all thirty-six martial artists outside the border before nightfall. I'll personally apologize to my brother!" "Governor, you are of the same rank as the Northern King. How can you apologize to him?" The old War God was shocked.

All the War Gods present were in disbelief.

The capital garrison and the northern army were equally famous back then.

Westley's eyes were cold as he said something that made people's hearts skip a beat. "I, Westley Hader, only respect my brother!" His words stunned everyone.

However, in the Neal family manor.

In the bright hall.

Xion Ross and the other seventy-two people were covered in cold sweat, as if they were waiting for their final judgment.

If these people had come without any ill-intentions, the northern army, who had unsheathed their cold swords, would put them back into their sheaths.

Braydon did want to kill!

The black sword virus matter was negotiable.

However, Namar was ambitious. What was the purpose of the emissary group concealing thirty-six extremely strong martial artists?

The hidden agent risked his life to pass on the top-secret message and then lost contact.

Was there any hope for the hidden agent?

"Commander, what should we do with these people?" Tristan's eyes were cold.

“According to the ironclad law of the northern territory,” Braydon said indifferently, “any foreign martial artists who infiltrate under the cover of the emissary group shall be sentenced to death. They shall be killed without mercy!”

The Strongest War God chapter 180-f You Don't See Him, Don't Sheathe Your Cold Swords!

The iron-blooded killing order was issued again.

It was a personal order from King Braydon Neal, and there was no room for doubt.

No one could protect the person that King Braydon wanted to kill.

Not to mention these martial artists from Namar!

!!

The hands of Namar's martial artists were stained with the blood of the northern soldiers!

They were enemies!

If one wanted King Braydon to go soft on the enemy, then would the blood of the men of the northern territory not have been shed in vain?

For the heroic souls of our northern soldiers who died in battle, did the Namar martial artists ever pity them?

The men of the north also had parents, wives and children at home!

Moreover, after news was sent by the hidden agent in Namar, they lost contact with him.

Braydon would not be so naive to think that the hidden agent was still alive.

There was a high possibility that the hidden agent had already been exposed and captured by Namar.

How could the blood of the hidden agent be shed in vain!

Braydon coldly gave the order to kill. As the commander of the northern army, a thousand-year-old genius who controlled millions of elites in the northern territory, he pursued the concept of killing as protection.

Do you think Northern King Braydon was a soft-hearted person?

His body was seven feet tall, his bones were like iron, and his killing intent had never been restrained.

In the bright hall, the seventy-two faces were ashen.

One could not escape judgement of one's own bad actions.

Since they wanted to die so badly, they should not blame King Braydon for being merciless.

"Your Highness, we can contact those thirty-six people..." Xion Ross said in a trembling voice.

Braydon Neal glanced at him and cut him short. "The governor of the capital garrison is Westley Hader, my younger brother. He is capable enough to capture the thirty-six martial artists of Namar in a day and kill them all!" This sentence caused Xion to be in utter despair.

There was no need to issue the killing order from the Northern King a second time.

Tristan Yandell brandished his cold sword and attacked brazenly.

Seventy-two people, not a single one was left alive. All of them were killed.

Braydon walked out of the bright hall with tiger-like steps. His thin lips moved slightly, and his cold words resounded throughout the entire Preston City!

This was King Braydon roaring in Preston!

The anger of the Northern King was equivalent to telling the world. "In my name, Braydon Neal, inform Namar to send the north's hidden agent back home. If he's hurt in any way, I will slaughter the entire country!" Braydon stood with his hands behind his back in the Neal family manor.

His voice rang out from the Neal family's manor and reverberated through the entire city like muffled thunder.

At this moment, the dark division, the central Hansworth main team and other departments had all received the news.

In the next moment.

Braydon said coldly, "Pass down the Northern King's order. All those who belong to the north must wear a white scarf on their sleeves and unsheathe their cold swords. They must stand in front of the gate and welcome the return of the north's hidden agent. If they don't see him, they must not return their cold swords to their sheaths!" His thunderous voice resounded throughout the entire Preston city.

These words were meant for the world to hear.

It was for Namar to hear!

Ever since Braydon took control of the north, he had never mistreated any of his comrades.

He would never abandon a person!

In the north, whose life was the most bitter?

The north's hidden agents had the most bitter life!

When Braydon was nine, Finley Yanagi often said that he rarely felt guilty!

The only thing he owed was the northern's hidden agents!

Now that Braydon had grown up and had been in charge of the northern army since the age of seventeen, he also felt indebted to his own hidden agents.

However, even though he felt like he owed them, there were some things that he had to do.

King Braydon issued two orders in a row. This was the roar of a tiger!

The tiger roared in Preston, the ancient capital of a thousand years!

This was a declaration of the Northern King's attitude.

He wanted to see the person alive or dead.

As long as the hidden agent did not return, the cold swords would not return to their sheaths.

At this moment, the Northern King's order had reached the northern territory.

The ten ruthless men of the north, all wearing white scarves, stood outside the tiger gate.

Opposite the tiger gate was Namar!

The ten ruthless men stood there, waiting for their orders.

They knew their commander's character. He had already made a name for himself in Preston. The matter of the hidden agents in the north would not be left unsettled.

No matter who persuaded him, it was useless!

Namar was silent. They were both angry and in the wrong.

They did not expect that their small trick would be caught that day.

Unfortunately, Namar would never hand over the north's hidden agent, nor would they admit that they had captured him.

The news of Namar sending 108 people was a top secret, and the hidden agent actually knew about it.

One could imagine how high the status of this hidden agent was in Namar!

Namar was pretending to be dead and did not respond.

As night fell.

Frodo Lance rushed into the Neal family manor and said, "Lord Northern King, there's an urgent call from the capital." "I'll take it!" Tristan Yandell saw Braydon standing with his hands behind his back, not saying a word.

He stepped forward to answer the call and frowned. "I'm Tristan Yandell. Who's this?" An old voice came from the other end of the phone. It was the old garrison envoy of the capital.

The previous governor, a martial artist of the older generation, finally called to inquire.

“Tristan, is the Northern King there?” he asked slowly.

“Old Governor, if you have something to say, just say it!” Tristan said bluntly.

The old governor was silent for a moment. “I hope that the Northern King will reconsider the matter regarding the north’s hidden agent.” “Old Governor, you should say this to the Northern King yourself!” Tristan’s eyes flashed with anger.

The north had never compromised with the eight countries.

The northern army was defending the prestige of Hansworth!

Defending the ten great gates!

The matter of the north’s hidden agent was related to the north’s military prestige.

This was simply the biggest joke!

Braydon glanced at the phone and said indifferently, “If the north’s hidden agent is hurt in any way, I will slaughter the entire country of Namar. This is my final say in this matter.” This sentence made the old governor fall silent.

He did not dare to use seniority to suppress others. Ever since the old commander of the north, Finley Yanagi, disappeared, no one in the northern region could suppress the young Northern King.

In other words, this Northern King was a tiger in the northern territory and had ten loyal legions of army.

Although he was young, he could not be bullied!

The old governor finally sighed. “We respect your decision. You are the Northern King, and so you rule the north. Your coronation is imminent, and the dignity of the Northern King cannot be damaged. We old bones are just worried that you will get hurt!” Braydon listened quietly and hung up.

Tonight, no one could persuade him!

He wanted to welcome the north's hidden agent back home. If Namar refused to hand him over, Braydon would cross the border and kill them.

Before dark, there was still no movement in Namar.

"I'm going to go pick up the hidden agent and bring him home!" Braydon said.

On this night, King Braydon's move shocked Preston!

Braydon left Preston alone and crossed the border to Namar.

The Northern King had crossed the border, and Namar was shocked.

No one had expected that the current Northern King would cross the border and enter Namar alone for a small hidden agent under his command.

This was Braydon's first time going abroad.

This time, Braydon had brought the Northern King sword with him.

That night, the entire world focused on Namar.

That thousand-year-old prodigy, King Braydon, was going to roar like a tiger in Namar tonight!

On this desolate land, Braydon stepped on the short grass and swept across the sky at a speed of over eighty meters per second!

This speed was so shocking that ordinary people could not even catch a glimpse of him with their naked eyes.

Eighty meters per second meant 48,000 meters in ten minutes!

One hour was 288,000 meters.

One hour was 288 kilometers!

King Braydon could cross the border in one hour.

The Strongest War God chapter 181-Tonight, I'm Here to Bring the North's Hidden Agent Home!

In Namar, King Braydon Neal, who was wearing a Qilin official robe and holding the Northern King sword, descended upon the Green Ridge Wilderness in the long night.

The arrival of the Northern King shocked the entire martial arts world of Namar!

This thousand-year-old genius would definitely start a massacre now that he had descended upon a foreign country.

What had angered him?

!!

He had actually personally descended upon Namar!

The eight countries outside the borders were allies. On the night that the Northern King descended upon Namar, the seven countries outside the borders reacted.

Everyone understood that in the entire world, the only ones who could stop King Braydon were kings.

In this desolate land, the moon and the wind were high.

It was like a night of murder!

An old man in his twilight years with a skinny body and was already a little hunched came from the south and let out a long sigh.

“Fletcher Ross of Namar welcomes the arrival of His Highness, the Northern King of Hansworth, in the Green Ridge Wilderness!” The old man Fletcher Ross was an old king who had stepped into the upper three ranks.

Seventh-level king, Fletcher Ross!

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, stepping on the wild grass as he stood in mid-air. His cold eyes and the majesty of the Qilin filled the Green Ridge Wilderness.

“Your Highness, the Northern King,” Fletcher said. “We’ve been at peace for years. Why would we fight again tonight?” “I’ve given you a chance. If you don’t hand over the north’s hidden agent, I will slaughter the 8,000 miles of

your nation tonight!” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly, his voice was like heavenly music, grand and oppressive.

Fletcher sighed again. “Is it worth it for a hidden agent?” Of course, it was worth it!

Who had the most bitter life in the north?

The hidden agents of the north had the most bitter life!

They would go to a foreign country, and there was no one they could confide in. They had to be on guard everywhere, and there were enemies everywhere!

Outsiders would never understand the pain and suffering.

Tonight, Braydon was going to bring him back home.

The capital could not stop Braydon.

The older generation did not dare to stop this young Northern King.

Because behind Braydon was the entire northern territory!

There were millions of loyal soldiers in the northern region. They only needed the Northern King to give the order and they would be willing to die.

Moreover, when the Northern King did things, outsiders were not allowed to interfere.

Whoever dared to damage the prestige of the Northern King would be killed on the spot by the cold sword.

Tonight, it was the same.

Braydon crossed the border alone and entered Namar to welcome him back.

No one dared to stop him!

Braydon had previously killed two groups of envoys from Namar at the Neal family manor in Preston. No one dared to say anything.

This was the prestige of the Northern King of the northern territory.

Who dared to say that King Braydon was wrong?

At this moment, Fletcher already knew the answer. He sighed, "Today, this old man is on guard here. It's my duty to stop the enemy!" "You alone can't stop me!" Braydon's steps were like a tiger's, and his terrifying killing intent swept across the earth like a dragon's roar.

He charged forward brazenly!

A seventh-level king was viewed as a high and mighty figure by the lower-level martial artists.

But today, Braydon had crossed the border.

There would definitely be king-level blood splattering across the sky.

And it would not just be one king who would die.

At this moment, Braydon's fair left hand gently rested on the Northern King sword at his waist.

Swoosh!

The shocking Northern King sword had been unsheathed.

The black sword light swept across the ground for a hundred meters, and weeds flew everywhere.

Braydon had his right hand behind his back and his left hand holding a knife.

In the dark night, a bolt of lightning lit up the Green Ridge Wilderness.

It was the rainy season.

As the lightning tore through the night, they could clearly see Braydon holding his blade and fighting against the seventh-level king level Fletcher Ross.

A single slash of the sword came down brazenly.

Fletcher's old face flashed with shock. Only by personally becoming Braydon's enemy would one know how terrifying he was!

Fletcher held a pitch-black short stick and instantly blocked the attack.

The pitch-black Northern King sword descended swiftly from above.

With a slash, the Northern King sword returned to its sheath. Braydon had his hands behind his back as he brushed past Fletcher.

A bloody wound appeared between Fletcher's brows. The short stick in his hand was broken, and he fell to the ground, dead.

From the beginning to the end, Braydon only needed one slash to kill him!

A seventh-level king could not stop the furious Northern King.

The Green Ridge Wilderness fell silent once again.

The rain quietly moistened everything on the earth.

However, it could not extinguish the killing intent in Braydon's heart!

Braydon's rules were to only drink in the snow and have a good time in the summit of Mount Bliz.

In the rainy night, he held the Northern King sword and killed all the enemies in the world!

This was Braydon, the living legend of the northern territory.

Braydon crossed the Green Ridge Wilderness for nine hundred miles and entered the hinterland of Namar, intending to head to the country's capital.

There were countless elites in Namar, and there was no lack of people who dared to stop and kill Braydon.

In one night, including Fletcher Ross, a total of six kings appeared to stop Braydon.

The Northern King traveled 3,000 miles to the east and killed all of them with the Northern King sword.

The six kings had all fallen under the Northern King's blade.

On this night, Braydon's killing intent shook the heavens. His thin body emitted a battle prowess that shocked the world.

Six kings fell one after another.

No one could stop the current King Braydon.

At four in the morning, Braydon was as quiet as a ghost in the rainy night. He was less than a hundred miles away from the capital of Namar, Linar!

The population of Linar was over ten million, and ordinary people were awakened from their deep sleep.

The people were wearing pajamas and looking at the sky outside the window. Fighter jets turned on their bright lights, and the beams could reach thousands of meters, illuminating the entire capital.

At this moment, nearly 1,000 helicopters and fighter jets were patrolling at low altitudes in Linar.

Linar's 100,000 imperial guards were urgently mobilized to the east of the city.

Such vigilance was only for one person!

That person was the white-robed young man who was walking in the rainy night. He wore a scalding golden Qilin robe and was a mighty figure who intimidated the eight countries outside the border!

Braydon's steps were like a tiger's as he neared this place.

In this part of the sky, hundreds of fighter jets were shining brightly, illuminating the road ahead of Braydon.

Finally, three miles away from Linar.

Linar's 100,000 imperial guards were all dressed in military attire and gathered here.

The commander of the imperial army, Taraz Ross, was a bold man who was eight feet tall. He had a curly beard and was only thirty years old, but he was an eighth-level king!

He was the most famous prodigy of Namar!

At such a young age, he already controlled the 100,000 soldiers of Linar. As the commander of the imperial army, his status was equivalent to that of Westley Hader.

He had dealt with Braydon many times in the past.

Taraz held a spear in his hand. As the commander of the imperial army, he was not equipped with a pistol or a sword.

He was a martial artist and only used cold weapons.

“Northern King, you have crossed the line!” Taraz’s voice was like a great bell.

Crack!

A bolt of lightning struck, and heavy rain poured down.

Braydon held the Northern King sword in his left hand, and his thin lips moved slightly. “Tonight, I’m here to bring the north’s hidden agent home!

“Those who obstruct me must die!” Braydon faced the 100,000 soldiers of the imperial army, his calmness terrifying.

A single person roared through the enemy country’s 100,000 imperial army soldiers.

The Northern King was still the Northern King after all. He had never been afraid of anything in his life!

Taraz held his spear in his hand, and his aura was faintly gathering. He was no stranger to the young man in white in front of him.

He had once traveled to the northern territory and fought with this northern territory genius.

Seven defeats in seven battles!

But now, Taraz had no choice and could not retreat.

Behind him was Linar, the capital of Namar.

The 100,000 imperial army soldiers could not retreat!

The Strongest War God chapter 182-What Do They Want?

A moment later.

Taraz Ross made his move.

His cloud piercing spear, known as the number one spear of Namar, was thrust forward, intending to pierce through Braydon Neal's chest.

Braydon stood there calmly, his eyes like still water.

!!

When the cloud piercing spear swept across his face, Braydon was like a ghost. He held the Northern King sword in his left hand and unsheathed it brazenly. The black sword swept across Taraz's abdomen.

The speed of the sword was lightning fast.

Swoosh!

Taraz's spear missed. His face was pale, and blood flowed from the foot-long wound on his abdomen, forming a river under his feet.

Linar's imperial army commander, Taraz Ross, was awe-inspiring throughout Namar.

In front of King Braydon, he was nothing!

There was a reason why King Braydon was able to suppress the eight countries outside Mount Bliz!

The commander of the northern army, an undefeated legend!

Braydon Neal and Taraz Ross brushed past each other, extremely calm.

Blood trickled down from the corner of Taraz's lips. He held the spear in his hand and pressed his left hand against his abdomen. He half-knelt on the muddy and bloody ground and said hoarsely, "You broke through again!" "You guys shouldn't have touched the north's hidden agent!" Braydon had his back to him.

"Do you know who this hidden agent is?" Taraz growled.

“It’s Sammy Dudley!

“I see him as my brother, and he is the deputy commander of Linar’s imperial army. Our ruler has high hopes for him, but he’s actually a hidden agent from the north!

“With the northern army is in your hands, after tonight’s incident, the degree of danger has exceeded the evaluation of all the organizations in the eight countries!” ... Taraz growled, his tiger eyes red.

The north’s hidden agent was called Sammy Dudley. He had made his mark in Linar at the age of sixteen and had been in Linar’s imperial army for ten years.

He became a ninth-level War God at the age of twenty-six!

Before the age of thirty, he would definitely be conferred the title of marquis, and before the age of fifty, he would definitely be conferred the title of king.

Such a talented person was known as the second most powerful person in the Linar imperial army and was ranked first among the eight deputy commanders. One could imagine how much power he had in Linar!

Who would have thought that Sammy Dudley was actually a hidden agent from the north!

Braydon was very calm as he walked toward Linar, which had a population of over ten million.

“You’ll die if you enter Linar!” Taraz said hoarsely.

Swoosh!

At this moment, several extremely powerful auras appeared in Linar.

A powerful aura erupted from the northern part of Linar, accompanied by a loud voice.

“Entering Linar means certain death? Then I, Westley Hader, will enter tonight!” A youth wearing a black flying fish robe descended with his hands behind his back.

“What?!” Taraz’s pupils constricted. “Capital garrison governor, Westley Hader!” “Wrong, the third son of the north, Westley Hader!” Westley chuckled.

A domineering man with a tiger body wearing a black coat said coldly, “Tonight, I’m here to bring the hidden agent of the north home!” “King Cole Colbie!” Taraz leaned on his spear, his expression extremely ugly.

Tonight, the three sons of the north had crossed the border and gathered in Linar!

However, in the rainy night, a young man in a wheelchair pushed by a bald young man appeared in front of everyone.

Luther Carden and Laird Xenos had also arrived!

Yuri Qualls, who was dressed in white, said coldly, “If you don’t hand over the north’s hidden agent tonight, I will slaughter the whole of Linar!” His words were filled with killing intent. They were very calm but did not lose their dominance!

White-clothed Qualls was a man of his words!

The 100,000 imperial guards of Linar were all terrified!

Namar martial artists were no strangers to the north’s top ten ruthless men.

These ruthless men had all come tonight!

Qadry Knight and Landry Knight had already arrived. They stood in the rainy night and released their killing intent!

Danny Que, the Wolf of the East, said coldly, “Tonight, if I don’t see the hidden agent, I will slaughter the whole capital and push Namar back by 8,000 miles!” “Today, I’m here to bring my comrade home!” Blake Matthews, who was ranked eighth among the top ten ruthless men of the north, finally showed up!

He originated from Mount Sino and inherited the immortal sword technique.

His sword was no weaker than the Killing God in white, Yuri Qualls!

The ranking of the top ten ruthless men in the north was based on strength, but it was not accurate.

Blake Matthews had once said that his weapon would never be pointed at his comrades.

Therefore, only the enemy knew the true power of Blake Matthews' sword.

Blake took a step forward and unsheathed his sword.

The sword light was like a bolt of lightning in the dark night.

When this sword appeared, Blake was so fast that he landed in the middle of the Linar imperial army.

The speed of this sword made Taraz's pupils shrink. He ignored his wound and brazenly took the attack. He growled, "Stop!" Swoosh!

Taraz was heavily injured by Braydon's sword, but he still had king-level strength.

However, he could not block Blake's sword.

This sword passed Taraz by and landed among the 100,000 imperial army soldiers.

A line of blood appeared at the throats of 300 imperial army soldiers, and they all died.

Killing 300 enemies with one strike!

This was the might of Blake Matthews, the immortal sword of the north.

The white-clothed Killing God, Yuri Qualls, was shocked.

All these years, they had never seen Blake go all out.

This fellow had always said that his sword would not attack his comrades, but no one had expected his sword to be so terrifying.

"My sword will not kill heavily injured people!" Blake said calmly.

"However, the leader of the ten War Gods of the north should belong to me!" Blake revealed his pride.

He, Blake Matthews, was the top of the ten ruthless men of the north!

Yuri's mouth twitched. With just this sword, he did not know if Blake could take the first place, but he would definitely be able to push him down.

"Why don't I give you my position as the commander?" Braydon glanced over.

Blake's eyelids twitched, and he immediately did not dare to cause trouble. He obediently stood behind Braydon like a little brother who was aware of his mistake.

However, in the dark night, another sword flashed by.

The cold light of this sword stunned the entire Linar.

"Senior Brother?" Blake's eyelids twitched.

The moment this sword lit up, it landed on the necks of 700 Linar imperial army soldiers. Blood appeared on their necks, and they died instantly.

"With your strength, you won't be able to shake Cole's position as the commander of the imperial army!" Spirit Sword Gordon Lowe, who was dressed in white, quietly appeared.

The holy right-wing guard who had been by the Northern King's side in the past had finally appeared.

This made Yuri's scalp tingle. Why was this cold-blooded person here?

With a lawless voice, he descended from the sky, holding a cold sword, and brazenly landed among the imperial army.

His might suppressed the heavens and the earth, and his sword suppressed ten thousand people.

This was the overpowering sword!

In the entire northern territory, only Braydon Neal had cultivated the overpowering sword.

It was said that he had passed it on to someone.

That person was... The Great Demon King, Luke Yates.

He had finally arrived!

The light of the sword landed among the Linar imperial guards. In an instant, 700 people's limbs and bodies were scattered all over the ground, and the smell of blood soared into the sky.

"Haha, Brother, I'm here!" Luke suddenly appeared.

There were five great commanders in the world.

Southern Hansworth's commander, Spirit Sword Gordon Lowe, had arrived!

Eastern Hansworth's commander, Great Demon King Luke Yates, had arrived!

Northern Hansworth's commander, Tiger Carl Mason, had quietly appeared.

Central Hansworth's commander, Warblade Zayn Ziegler, had also arrived!

Western Hansworth's commander, Marquis Bryan Goldman, appeared with a smile.

At this moment, the three sons of the north, the ten ruthless men, and the five commanders had all arrived.

What did they want?

The Strongest War God chapter 183-The Northern King Arrives in Linar, Greetings from the Nation!

They wanted to slaughter the whole of Linar!

Westley Hader was born in the northern territory and had the mark of the northern.

Tonight, they must bring the hidden agent back to the north.

If they were not able to get the hidden agent back, they would slaughter the whole of Linar.

!!

Outsiders would never know the faith of the people of the north.

At this moment, Taraz Ross' eyes were filled with disbelief. The most lawless group of people in the north had all arrived.

If he did not hand over the hidden agent tonight, there would be a bloodbath that would shock the entire world.

Others might not know, but the people of the northern territory were so bold that you could not imagine it.

Since Braydon Neal had said that he would welcome back the northern's hidden agent tonight, then Westley and Cole Colbie would follow him to the death.

Tonight, he would turn Namar upside down.

Taraz held the cloud piercing spear and roared, "Retreat!" With this order, the terrified Linar Imperial Army opened up a path that led directly to the main gates of Linar.

If the imperial guards do not retreat, they would all die.

The three sons of the north are all here!

There were also the ten ruthless men and the five commanders. None of them were weak.

If the imperial army did not retreat tonight, the hundred thousand soldiers would die in front of Linar.

To Braydon and the others, the 100,000 imperial army soldiers were their enemies. If they dared to block their path, they would start a massacre.

The so-called Namar had 100,000 imperial guards stationed in Linar.

Commander Taraz's troops could not block Braydon's blade.

They could not stop the ten ruthless men of the north.

From this scene, one could see how powerful the north was.

Braydon led his troops to the capital of Namar, Linar. No one could stop him.

This was the Northern King!

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, his footsteps light as he entered Linar.

Linar opened its gates!

This huge wooden gate was the gate of Namar. It slowly opened at 4:30 in the morning.

Even if they were enemies, Namar would definitely open their gates to welcome them and treat them with national etiquette!

Otherwise, it would be humiliating the Northern King!

Now that things had come to this, how could the people in Linar dare to insult the Northern King?

Entering Linar's main gate was a straight asphalt road that was thirty meters wide. On both sides of the road were the elite guards of Linar.

On both sides of the formation, they placed their hands in front of their chests and lowered their heads as they shouted, "Namar welcomes the arrival of the Northern King!" A resounding voice resounded throughout Linar.

It woke up millions of people in this city!

Namar still understood the etiquette of treating others with national etiquette.

King Braydon was not afraid of the scene. He stood with his hands behind his back and stepped on the red carpet, letting the thunder in the night continue as the rain poured down.

Westley was on the left, and Cole was on the right; they were half a step behind him.

Luke Yates, the holy left-wing guard, had a strong killing intent.

The holy right-wing guard Gordon Lowe's thin body exuded a cold killing intent.

The ten ruthless men of the north entered Linar together.

Just this scene alone was enough to suppress Namar!

All the core figures of the north had arrived tonight.

The group went 30 miles deep into Linar and arrived at a grand palace complex. This was the core area of Linar, the place where the country ruler carried out his duties.

No matter how fierce Braydon and the others were killing in the outside world, now that they had entered Linar, they had to treat Namar with the courtesy of the country.

There was no lack of courtesy on the surface.

Braydon stood in front of the grand hall, his thin lips moving slightly. "Hansworth's Braydon Neal has come to visit Namar!" Crack!

The door of the grand hall opened slightly before it was completely opened.

In the magnificent hall, the crystal chandelier was emitting a gentle light. It was probably worth tens of millions. There was also a huge rectangular table and forty-nine stools in the hall, which were decorated with flowers.

A square-faced middle-aged man in a black suit sat at the head of the table.

He was the ruler of Namar, Cameron Linar.

"An honored guest from the northern territory has arrived. Please take a seat!" Cameron Linar waved his hand.

A group of slim girls in traditional clothes walked out from the side and pulled out stools.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and did not take a seat.

Westley and the others did not sit down as well.

The reason was very simple. Although the seats of Namar were divided into host and guests, there was also a difference in status.

Cameron was sitting at the head of the table while Braydon was sitting below him?

Was he saying that the King of the northern territory was inferior to Cameron Linar?

The pride of the people of the north would not allow Braydon to do this.

“We came here this time to bring the north’s hidden agent back home!” Westley stepped forward and said calmly.

“How did the hidden agent of the north appear in my territory? Governor Hader, you must be joking!” In other words, Cameron did not want to hand him over.

Cole’s fingers lightly touched the hilt of the sword at his waist. “If you don’t hand him over tonight, I’ll slaughter Linar!” “Impudent!” Cameron released a wave of pressure.

The pressure was at the king level, but as a country ruler, it allowed Cameron to cultivate the king aura, making him much stronger than normal kings.

The atmosphere became tense.

Westley and Cole had never given Namar any face.

At this moment, at the back door of the palace, several powerful auras were faintly emitted, as if they were intimidating the people of the northern.

The two sides confronted each other, and their auras were oppressive and terrifying.

An invisible pressure caused the hall to ripple with an invisible breeze.

Braydon’s fingers moved slightly, and the Northern King sword was instantly drawn.

This vicious weapon was unsheathed, shocking all the birds and beasts in the entire Linar capital. All the martial artists keenly captured the terrifying killing intent.

When the Northern King sword was unsheathed, it meant death!

“Hand him over!” It was a simple sentence, just two words.

Braydon’s deep eyes glanced at Cameron. His thin lips moved slightly as he warned him coldly.

His Northern King sword was aimed at Cameron, the current ruler of the nation!

The blade pointed at the current ruler?

Westley's expression was calm, but his eyelids could not help but twitch.

Luke Yates gulped. The lawless great demon king muttered, "Brother, awesome!" Only Braydon would do such a domineering and arrogant thing!

If he was not careful, the northern territory would be at war again!

The scene was terrifyingly silent.

Braydon was pointing his blade at Cameron, and he was extremely domineering.

He was doing so calmly at that!

There was only one sentence spoken: hand him over!

The Northern King sword was already unsheathed and emitting a strong killing intent, if they did not hand the hidden agent over... Cameron sat on a high seat, his fingers gripping the chair as wood chips fell from it. He said in a low voice, "Hand Deputy Commander Sammy over to them!" That one sentence was equivalent to admitting defeat!

After handing over the person, the north would let this matter go.

Otherwise, Linar would become a battlefield.

A young man in black who had his shoulder blade pierced by an iron hook, with blood that kept flowing out of the corner of his mouth, was dragged by an iron ball by his ankles as he slowly appeared in the hall barefooted.

He was Sammy Dudley.

There was also a corpse of a man in his fifties that was carried to the hall.

The black-robed young man was twenty-six years old. He looked at the people in the hall, at a white-robed young man, and at the extremely domineering ruler of Namar.

Disbelief flashed in his eyes. His tiger eyes were red as he said hoarsely, "Commander?" "It's me, the commander of the northern army, Braydon Neal. Tonight, I will bring you home!" Braydon swept his knife across, cutting off Sammy Dudley's handcuffs and leg cuffs, and removed the iron hook on his shoulder.

"Tonight, we'll take you home!" Westley said hoarsely.

"Sammy Dudley, hidden agent of the warrior's department of the north, pays his respects to the commander!" The words that had been hidden in the depths of his heart for ten years were finally spoken in the Linar Palace!

He had kept this sentence in his heart for ten years!

The Strongest War God chapter 184-My Hidden Agent Killed by You?

Sammy Dudley had publicly admitted his identity in front of Cameron Linar in the Linar Palace!

He was the north's hidden agent!

Cameron's face was expressionless, but his eyes were filled with cold killing intent.

To him and Linar, this matter alone was a great humiliation.

!!

Sammy Dudley, the leader of the eight deputy commanders of the Linar imperial army, was actually a hidden agent of the north.

How much top-secret information from Namar had been sent to the northern territory over the years?

Cameron did not dare to imagine it.

He wanted to kill Sammy, but because of King Braydon's warning during the day, Namar was intimidated and did not dare to kill him.

Now, the person had been handed over.

Westley Hader looked at the other corpse. It was the man in his fifties.

“Who is he?” Westley asked.

“We, the hidden agents of the north, must fight!” Sammy said in a low voice.

“How did he die?” Braydon Neal said.

There was more than one person in the north. Braydon only knew a small part of the number of hidden agents!

Back then, the old commander, Finley Yanagi, controlled the first group of hidden agents. They were scattered in Namar and had yet to contact the northern territory.

“Because of my exposure, the imperial army not only captured me, but also Old Gadson,” Sammy said in a low voice. “He wanted to sacrifice himself to protect us. He wanted me to continue hiding my identity.” Previously, the situation was urgent. Yves Gadson was willing to die and wanted to take on everything alone.

But in the end, he failed!

Namar was not stupid. Only a few people knew about the 108 people in the envoy group.

Sammy was one of them.

With Yves Gadson’s rank in the imperial army, he simply could not be the one bearing the responsibility.

“Who killed him?” Braydon Neal asked.

“Deputy Commander Quilo Hackert of the imperial army!” At this point, Sammy’s eyes were filled with hatred.

Swoosh!

Braydon held the Northern King sword and pointed it at Cameron Linar again.

In just one night, he had pointed it at the country’s ruler twice.

Domineering and frivolous!

Only King Braydon dared to do this.

Cameron's eyes were filled with anger. Behind the hall, seven powerful auras erupted, all carrying anger and killing intent.

"Hand him over!" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

This time, it was not Sammy, but deputy commander, Quilo Hackert.

This man was stained with the blood of the north's hidden agent. Braydon would definitely kill him.

"Northern King, don't go too far!" An old man with white hair and a youthful face entered the hall in a flash.

He gave off the aura of a king.

This was an old king level figure from Namar.

Another eighth-level king?

An upper three level king!

When the old man appeared, did he intend to go against King Braydon?

This was courting death!

Braydon had crossed 4,000 miles and killed his way through Namar to enter Linar, all for the sake of killing.

In a flash.

Braydon, who had been pointing his sword at Cameron, held the Northern King sword in his left hand and transformed into a black saber. His white-robed figure was like a white shadow of a fairy.

The sword slashed across brazenly!

"How dare you!" Cameron stood up angrily.

Boom!

Braydon's sword descended brazenly, slashing the old man with white hair and a youthful face.

The old eighth-level king was split in half by the Northern King sword.

Tyrannical and iron-blooded!

This was King Braydon!

Tonight, in Namar, every king that came out would die.

Braydon did not even respond to the old man's words. He slashed out with his left hand and killed an eighth-level king.

King Braydon's shocking battle strength had indeed shocked everyone in the hall.

Luke Yate's eyelids twitched as he stood behind Braydon. He swallowed hard. In front of his brother, Braydon Neal, Luke Yates, who was titled the Great Demon King, could not be arrogant.

Most people now understood who had influenced Luke Yates's unruly personality.

It was definitely because of Braydon's influence!

This was the peerless Northern King, killing an eighth-level king.

This scene made Cameron's expression extremely gloomy.

Braydon turned around and pointed at Cameron. His thin lips moved slightly. "Hand him over!" He was still calmly asking him to hand him over!

Cameron had no choice!

"Bring Quilo Hackert here," he said in a low and hoarse voice.

Next was Quilo Hackert, one of the eight deputy commanders of Linar imperial army. He was only 1.6 meters tall and was indeed short. His skin was dark, and his triangular eyes were filled with fear.

He saw that the sacred hall was filled with the smell of blood.

The Demon Lord, Braydon Neal, who was feared by Namar, held a peerless weapon in his left hand which kept dripping blood.

There was an old man's corpse on the ground. Was he not a king level person from Namar?

At this moment, an eighth-level king had clearly been killed!

Quilo felt a chill run down his spine. Standing at the entrance of the hall, he had the urge to turn around and flee.

Braydon stood with his right arm behind his back and his left hand holding a knife. He glanced over and asked, "My north's hidden agent died in your hands?" "Your Highness, I..." Quilo was trembling in fear. A marquis titled person wanted to explain himself.

"Cole, kill him!" Braydon said coldly.

"Understood!" Cole took a step forward; the domineering aura of a king was truly incomparably terrifying.

This was the commander of the imperial guards of the north, the world-renowned King Cole.

He was just a newly crowned king.

But the aura on Cole's body was even more terrifying than the old man's aura as an eighth-level king.

This was the terror of the three sons of the north.

Cole's right hand gripped the cold sword at his waist. The black sword was unsheathed and swiftly fell.

The black blade light was overbearing and carried a terrifying killing intent.

"No..." Quilo was terrified.

Swoosh!

With a slash, Quilo was killed on the spot.

Cole would not listen to a single word of nonsense from him. The Northern King had given the order to kill, so no one could save Quilo Hackert.

Because Quilo's hands were stained with the blood of the people of the north, he definitely had to die tonight.

This was Namar!

This was Linar!

With the sound of the golden rooster announcing dawn, a hint of white appeared in the east.

It was dawn.

Braydon glanced at the magnificent hall. There was a pillar made of redwood. It was two meters in diameter and more than ten meters tall.

The Northern King sword instantly slashed horizontally.

The sharp blade sliced through the redwood pillar, splitting it in two.

As the Northern King sword was swung, saber Qi swept across the entire hall, and the entire hall was filled with cold sword intent.

Under everyone's watchful eyes, the Northern King sword was sheathed. A coffin that was 2.5 meters long fell to the ground. It was made of a redwood pillar.

Braydon took off the black cloak on his shoulder and the golden Qilin robe fell on Yves Gadson's body.

Wrapped in a golden Qilin robe!

"Let's go home!" Braydon raised the thousand-pound coffin with his left arm and walked out of the hall with steady steps.

The Northern King was carrying the coffin and had wrapped the body in a Qilin robe.

Only the soldiers of the north had this honor!

Braydon held the coffin with his left hand and placed his right arm behind his back. He stepped onto the red carpet outside the hall and headed straight for the outskirts of Linar.

The five commander and the ten ruthless men of the north exuded a murderous aura.

They tore off their undershirts and turned them into a white cloth. They tied it around their left arms and followed silently, bringing the hidden agent back home.

On the main street of Linar, there was a red carpet. The two rows of soldiers were all from the imperial army of Linar. They lowered their heads and said in a low voice, "Farewell, Northern King!" This was a national ceremony.

They had to send him off with the proper national etiquette!

Only Braydon Neal was worthy of it.

The Strongest War God chapter 185-Braydon Neal Returns to the Northern Territory Namar had to show such courtesy.

Otherwise, Cameron Linar would not be able to bear the consequences.

If Linar had humiliated the Northern King, there were millions of elite soldiers in black in the ten legions of the north in the northern territory. All of them had drawn their swords!

There were still definitely hidden agents in Linar that could send the news of the Northern King being humiliated over in an instant.

!!

One had to know that the ten commanders of the north were all in Linar!

In other words, there was no one to suppress the millions of elite soldiers in black from the north.

Once the northern army was out of control and knew that their commander was humiliated in Linar, what would their reaction be?

There was no need to think too much. The million elites under the Northern King's command would definitely go north and start a war in the north!

If the northern army started a war, which of the eight countries outside the border would not be afraid?

At that time, if the northern army crossed the border and launched an attack. They could really push Namar 4,000 miles back and directly enter Linar.

This was the most powerful army in Hansworth, the northern army.

In Linar.

Braydon Neal held the coffin in his left hand and walked like a tiger. The imperial guards of Linar bowed their heads to send him off.

The country sent the Northern King back to the northern border of Hansworth.

The heavily injured Taraz Ross covered the huge wound on his abdomen with his left hand and stood on the city wall with his spear in his left hand. He looked at the white-robed youth leaving the capital with a fierce gaze as he bid farewell to his lifelong enemy.

The terrifying thing about this white-robed youth was not just his terrifying talent.

More importantly, there was a group of people who pledged their loyalty to the Northern King.

None of these people were weak. The three sons of the north all had hopes of surpassing king level.

The north's ten ruthless men and the five great commanders would be granted the title of king in this life.

Cole Colbie and the others were the core members of the northern army.

In the future, they would be the pillars of the martial arts world.

Unfortunately, they were all fully fledged and could not be killed.

To Namar, the saddest thing was that they could only watch their enemy grow stronger step by step without being able to stop them.

Braydon left Linar with the coffin, his thin lips moving slightly. "After this incident, Cameron Linar will not let this matter rest. He will definitely gather his strength and plot against the northern borders of Hansworth!" "If they dare to send troops across the border, I will kill them in the northern territory!" Cole Colbie issued a military pledge.

As long as he was alive, he would not allow any foreign soldiers to step into the northern territory.

Luther Carden and the others had the same stance!

The men of the north were not afraid of death and were not afraid of fighting.

However, Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "The eight countries outside the borders have been silent for three years since I was crowned king. When they raise their troops again, their army will definitely sweep through the northern territory!"

"Cameron Linar bears a grudge for what happened tonight. There will be a war in the future. You need to be on guard!"

"From today onward, the Northern King's secret order!" ... Braydon's thin lips moved slightly as he conveyed a secret order.

Cole and the others all had solemn expressions as they listened attentively.

"From now on, all the members of the north will cancel their holidays and prepare for battle. If Namar makes any moves, kill them!" Braydon's eyes flashed with a cold light. The might of the Qilin King radiated from his thin body.

Luther and the others bowed and said in a low voice, "Yes, Commander!" This secret order was very clear.

If Namar dared to cross the border and raise an army, the people of the north did not need to hesitate. They would directly fight and sweep across Namar and kill them!

This was King Braydon's secret killing order!

Braydon was the king of the northern territory.

Braydon had the final say in the northern territory.

Braydon still had the final say regarding the attitude of the eight countries.

In the 13th year of the northern army's history, the northern army reached its peak under the control of Braydon. They guarded the ten great gates and defended the prestige of Hansworth.

Every move of the northern army represented Hansworth!

Therefore, he was naturally extremely powerful and would not be weaker than others.

The sky outside was already bright.

The north's strongest regiment had already arrived at the Green Ridge Wilderness. Yellow wind could be seen sweeping across the vast northern desert.

The northern desert was a bitterly cold place, and the northern army had been guarding this place for generations.

The 8,000 miles of land in the north had belonged to Hansworth since ancient times.

In ancient times, during the Togo Dynasty, this place was a protectorate.

Time had passed, and now, this place was called the northern territory!

Braydon held the coffin in his left hand. His white clothes were as white as snow as he slowly walked toward the north on the horizon.

That was their home!

Time to go home!

Sammy Dudley 's eyes revealed excitement as he said hoarsely, "It's been ten years. I'm finally home!" Right in front of the tiger gate, the elites of the ten legions of the north stood there. They were dressed in black, with their left arms bound by a white scarf. Their swords were unsheathed, and they had been roaring throughout the night.

The eight countries outside the borders were all terrified, and they had mobilized their troops for the entire night to be on guard.

At dawn, the northern army finally saw the return of their commander.

The ten legions, one million black-clothed elites, held their swords in front of their chests.

This was the northern military salute!

Swoosh!

“The northern subordinates greet the commander!” A million black-robed elites shouted in unison. The ten black formations represented the ten legions, and they were all in an orderly formation.

Each of their cold faces was like a knife, and their tiger eyes were filled with fervent faith as they looked at their white-robed commander!

This commander had been in charge of the northern army since he was young and had created one legend after another!

A commoner from the northern territory, an immortal legend!

“Welcome home,” Braydon said softly as he held the coffin in his left hand. “Today, we welcome the hidden agents of the north back home!” “Welcome home, hidden agents of the north!” The million elites all lowered their heads in respect, revealing a shocking killing intent.

This was the imposing manner of the northern army.

Braydon was very calm. He carried the coffin to the foot of a strange peak.

This mountain peak was a thousand meters tall and stood in the north of the desert.

This was the highest mountain!

Its name was Mount Bliz.

At the foot of Mount Bliz, there were tombstones. In front of a new tomb, a line of words was engraved on the tombstone.

The north’s Sully Cage’s tomb!

This new tomb had only been built a few days ago, and the person buried here was no stranger to Braydon.

Beside Sully Cage’s, a grave had already been dug. Braydon was holding a coffin and gently placed it inside. A black Qilin flag was placed on top of the coffin.

This was the northern flag covering the coffin, the honor that every comrade who died in battle deserved.

A new tomb was formed.

A hidden agent's tomb after facing battle.

Braydon stood there for a long time. Behind him, millions of soldiers bowed to their dead comrades.

"Before Old Gadson died, he asked me to pass on a message to the commander!" Sammy Dudley said in a low voice.

"Speak!" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

"Old Gadson said that he has no regrets about entering the northern territory," Sammy said softly. "He's willing to be a subordinate of the commander in his next life!" Braydon was silent for a long time. He really wanted to do something for the dead.

Perhaps Braydon would use all the power of the north to fulfill Yves Gadson's last wish.

Even though he left behind these last words, Yves Gadson would not want to cause trouble for Braydon.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly as he wanted to say something.

Luther sensed it and spoke softly. "I have the information about the hidden agents in the north. Yves Gadson had never been married." "That is to say, this hidden agent of mine has no descendants!" Braydon was so calm that he did not have any normal emotions.

The Strongest War God chapter 186-Destroying Weapons with a Palm In response to Braydon Neal.

"Yes, that's right." Chu Lan nodded. "His parents died of illness seven years ago." "Does the Gadson family have any grandnephews?" Braydon asked personally.

"Activate the northern secret files and bring up Yves Gadson's family and friends," Cole Colbie said coldly.

!!

“Yes, Sir!” Behind him was a young man in black with a black scarf on his face. He was a northern imperial guard.

Three minutes later.

The black-robed youth lowered his head and reappeared. “Commander, Yves Gadson has a younger brother and sister. They haven’t contacted each other for many years. He has a grandnephew!” “Luther will handle this matter. Bring him over and adopt him. Send him to northern military school and groom him!” Braydon placed his hands behind his back and stepped onto the stone steps of Mount Bliz, which led straight to the top of the mountain.

Cole Colbie, Westley Hader, and the others were all standing at the foot of the mountain.

Mount Bliz was a place only the commanders of the past could climb.

It was a fact that the northern commander sat alone on the peak of Mount Bliz.

Braydon’s residence was at the peak of Mount Bliz.

There were two wooden houses on the mountain peak, and a ginkgo tree had been planted there for thirteen years.

Braydon pushed open the door to the wooden house. It was spotless and had the faint body fragrance of a girl. The coffee table and desk were cleaned every day, so they were white and dustless.

Behind the ginkgo tree at the peak of the mountain, a girl in a white dress with bright eyes and white teeth, a graceful figure, and a pure and untainted aura, looked at the back of the white-robed youth at the door.

“Young Master?” The beautiful girl was shocked.

“Sister Sadie!” Braydon turned around and smiled.

The familiar voice instantly made the eyes of the girl in the white dress turn red.

Her name was Sadie Dudley. When Braydon was nine years old, she was brought to Mount Bliz by the old commander Finley Yanagi take care of little Braydon's daily life.

In the northern territory, the person who was most familiar with Braydon was not Luther Carden, but the girl in front of him.

Therefore, when Sadie entered the peak of Mount Bliz, she was given a death order by the old commander, Finley Yanagi.

She could not leave Mount Bliz for the rest of her life until she died of old age.

This girl had been taking care of Braydon since she was nine years old. She knew the cultivation method that King Braydon practiced and knew all the secrets about the northern army in the Mount Bliz wooden house.

She could not leave Mount Bliz and could only stay here forever.

Braydon had returned to the northern territory. Naturally, he wanted to see this sister who had taken care of her since he was young.

"Sister Sadie, I'll bring you to see someone!" Braydon held her cold hand and was about to leave the mountain.

Sadie wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes and said in shock, "Young Master, I can't. I can't leave Mount Bliz." "I've said it before. When Teacher isn't around, there are no outsiders. Just call me by my name." Braydon stopped.

"The old commander said that I can't leave Mount Bliz ever," Sadie said softly.

"Are you afraid that Cole and the others will kill you?" Braydon pinched her nose, his eyes filled with tenderness. He said, "Sammy Dudley is back!" "Ah?" Sadie's bright eyes flashed with surprise.

Sammy was Sadie's big brother!

Although the information regarding the hidden agents was top secret, Braydon was naturally qualified to check all the information with his status. Therefore, he knew everything about Sadie Dudley.

Sammy Dudley was sent to Namar's capital, Linar, by the old commander the year Braydon came to the northern territory.

He had snuck into Linar at the age of thirteen, and at the age of sixteen, he had shown his talents and joined the Linar imperial army. Now, Sammy was twenty-six years old, and he was already a ninth-level War God. His talent could not be said to be low!

As such, Sammy and Sadie had not seen each other for thirteen years.

“Let’s go. I’ll bring you down.” Braydon was holding her hand, so it was useless for Sadie to resist.

The two of them were like a golden couple as they slowly walked down Mount Bliz.

When Cole saw this, a hint of killing intent appeared in his eyes. His left hand gently rested on the hilt of the sword at his waist.

Luther’s eyes turned cold.

The ten ruthless men of the north knew everything about Mount Bliz.

Not only was Braydon on Mount Bliz, but there was also a girl who took care of Braydon’s daily life. The old commander had made an exception and brought her up.

She was Sadie Dudley who was not from the north.

Back then, the old commander, Finley Yanagi, had left behind a secret killing order. Any girl on Mount Bliz who dared to sneak down the mountain would be killed immediately.

She understood King Braydon too well and knew many secrets.

All the secrets of the north would be known by the enemy.

That was why Finley Yanagi did not let Sadie Dudley join the north and left behind the killing order.

Westley Hader frowned. “Don’t do anything rash. You all know my temper!” “This is bad. The girl who took care of Big Brother since he was young is leaving the mountain. Should we carry out Teacher’s order to kill her or pretend to ignore it?” Luther had a headache.

“You guys are courting death. Don’t drag me along with you!” Luke Yates said with shifty eyes.

After saying that.

Cole took a step forward, the cold sword in his hand immediately unsheathed and pointed at Sadie.

“Under the secret orders of the old commander, if she leaves the mountain, she must be killed!” Cole had a tyrannical personality and was skilled in the art of killing.

Luke’s eyelids twitched. He exchanged glances with the Marquis of Western Hansworth, Bryan Goldman, and whispered, “Old b*stard, I bet 50 cents that Cole will be beaten up. Do you want to bet?” “Not to that extent. Now that each of us is in a high position, Big Brother won’t beat us up like he did when we were young.” Bryan emphasized the fact that they were beaten up when they were young.

Luke’s face darkened.

When he was young, Luke was the most mischievous. He caused trouble every day and was beaten up by Braydon countless times.

In the end, when Luke woke up from his sleep, he continued to cause trouble.

Now, everyone was silent.

Braydon had expected this. He lightly moved his feet and stood in front of Sadie, his face facing Cole’s sword.

Swoosh!

Cole’s expression changed slightly. When Braydon was facing his sword, he had already sheathed it.

A cold sword could not be pointed at a comrade, let alone a commander.

This was an ironclad law!

“Little fool, you lost. Boss Chen didn’t get beaten up.” Bryan smiled.

“Don’t worry, I’m more familiar with this kind of thing than you!” Luke was looking forward to what would happen next.

In the end, Luther and the others were rendered speechless.

The group of them had been together since they were young. In front of Braydon, all of them combined were not beaten up as much as Luke.

Therefore, when Luke said that he knew everything about this matter, he was not bluffing.

That was the experience gained from being beaten up!

Braydon chuckled. “Cole, give me some face. I’ll let you play with the Northern King sword for two days. Just let Sister Sadie go down for a day.” “I can make an exception in private, but this is in front of Mount Bliz!” Cole’s face darkened.

Braydon could not help but laugh. “Then, let’s follow the rules of our youth. Let’s fight. If I win, you’ll listen to me.” Cole’s face darkened even more.

He had never won against Braydon since he was young.

But everyone was watching, so Cole braced himself and said in a muffled voice, “You are not allowed to use the Northern King sword.” “Sure!” Braydon flicked his fingers and smiled faintly. The white-robed figure appeared in front of Cole, his right hand clasped behind his back, his slender left hand calmly descending.

Cole’s eyelids twitched, and he raised his blade to block.

The palm landed on the black blade!

Crack! Boom!

The entire cold sword was instantly shattered!

The Strongest War God chapter 187-She’s Not That Simple A marquis-level weapon shattered just like that?

This terrifying power really made people despair!

After the sword shattered, the enormous force transformed into a mighty pressure, and half of Cole Colbie's body was smashed into the soil by the palm.

King Cole was a little dumbfounded by the slap!

!!

Braydon Neal stood with his hands behind his back.

The eyelids of Luther Carden and the others twitched slightly, but none of them said a word.

"I won, so you have to listen to me!" Braydon smiled.

"Lend me the Northern King sword for two days!" Cole threw away the bare hilt, not feeling the slightest heartache for his sword.

This was not the first sword that Braydon had broken.

From the time Braydon was eleven, he had shattered almost twenty swords!

Braydon untied the Northern King sword and threw it to him. He held Sadie Dudley's cold and soft hand and walked to the side, letting her and her brother, whom she had not seen for many years, reunite.

The foolish Luke Yates pestered the Bryan Goldman, shouting, "Old b*stard, told you I was right. Did Cole get beaten up?!" The corner of Bryan's mouth twitched. He was indeed not as accurate as Luke when it came to getting beaten up!

It was not because Bryan was not as smart nor as insightful. Instead, it was because Luke had the experience of being beaten up over and over again.

Now, Luke was pestering Bryan for the fifty cents he had won from the bet.

Bryan had a helpless look on his face. Where was he going to find fifty cents for this little fool?

"Little fool, how's your cultivation of the overpowering sword?" Cole walked over; his face expressionless.

“I can beat ten of you!” Luke immediately regretted his words. He turned to look at Cole, his face green.

A typical person who spoke without thinking.

Cole’s eyelids were slightly raised. “Then, Commander Yates, let me, Cole Colbie, take a look at your overpowering sword. Let’s see just how formidable it is!” “I won’t!” Seeing that he was about to be beaten up, Luke turned around and ran, hiding behind Braydon.

With Braydon in front of him, how could Cole dare to draw his saber?

This was the experience gained from being beaten up.

Everyone was fooling around. It had been a few years since they had been able to gather together.

The ten legions of the north were also transferred back to the ten gates.

Westley Hader and the others were at the peak of Mount Bliz, teasing each other.

When everyone was laughing, it suddenly became solemn.

“Big Brother’s injuries have yet to heal!” Cole frowned.

“I can tell. Otherwise, if he were at his peak, that palm of his could have smashed your entire body into the ground.” Westley’s eyes revealed some worry.

Luther who was sitting in the wheelchair said softly, “After big brother is crowned, his body will be baptized by the heavenly water of martial arts. He should be able to recover.” “Brother’s coronation is just around the corner. We can’t let any more accidents happen. Second Brother, turn all the hidden agents into dead agents. Everything can wait until the coronation is over.” Bryan frowned slightly and reminded him softly.

Luther nodded. “Sure. This time, Big Brother crossed the border for the hidden agent. It seems like it has something to do with that girl.” “She’s not that simple!” White-clothed Qualls inadvertently glanced at Sadie in the distance.

Luther could not help but laugh. "Would she be an ordinary person if she was chosen by the teacher?" The core figures of the north were all Finley Yanagi's disciples!

The people Finley Yanagi chose were not ordinary people.

Cole coldly said, "If she lives obediently in Mount Bliz, then ignore her. If she disloyal in any way, Big Brother is not in the northern territory, so it won't be difficult to get rid of her." "Perhaps!" Luther said softly.

Seven helicopters arrived.

The five commanders present had to return to their respective main teams to guard. They were all famous figures in their respective regions and could not leave their respective regions for too long.

Luke climbed onto a helicopter and shouted with his hands on his hips, "Haha, Big Head Cole, come and chop me if you have the guts!" Cole's face darkened. If Braydon was not here, he really wanted to chop the little fool into pieces!

Bryan and the others boarded their respective helicopters and returned to their respective regions.

Braydon also wanted to leave. There were ten ruthless men in the northern territory, so there was no need to worry too much. He said, "Sammy Dudley, come with me." "Commander, my body is already crippled. I'm afraid I'll only be a burden if I follow you." Sammy smiled bitterly.

He knew that Braydon Neal was about to be crowned and did not want to be a burden.

Braydon did not like to dawdle, so he directly carried him onto the helicopter and said gently, "Sister Sadie, come back to the Neal family with me!" "Sis?" Sammy looked over.

Sadie was wearing a white dress that could not hide her long and slender legs. Her lotus steps instinctively moved slightly.

Under the gazes of Cole and the others.

“Take care, Young Master. I’m going back to Mount Bliz!” She smiled with her bright eyes.

In the end, Sadie returned to Mount Bliz on her own accord.

It was because of the old commander’s death order.

It was Sadie’s own choice.

Perhaps only Braydon knew!

As the black helicopter took off, it flew toward Preston.

Braydon was injured, so it was best to recuperate in Preston. Moreover, the place of coronation had to be in his birthplace.

Westley took the helicopter and returned to the capital garrison.

Everything had come to an end.

However, at the peak of Mount Bliz, under a ginkgo tree, stood a girl in a white dress. She was reading a secret scroll with her fair hands and her calm eyes.

It recorded everything that happened when Braydon returned to Preston.

Her jade-like fingers moved as she tied the secret scroll with a bow. Her thin lips moved slightly as she said coldly, “Are there still people from the Black Sword Association in Preston?” “Yes, there is a lower third-level War God hidden in Preston!” A respectful voice came from the dark.

The girl in the white dress turned around and walked into the wooden house, placing the secret scroll on the bookshelf.

There were hundreds of secret scrolls on the bookshelf, all of which were top secret information of the north.

She said softly, “The lower three levels of War Gods are nothing to worry about. Are there any kings hiding in Preston?” “No!” he replied respectfully.

The girl in the white dress stood with her hands behind her back. Her cherry lips moved slightly. “There’s no need to pay attention to the Black Sword Association. If there’s any unusual movement, destroy them!”

“Send a message to Cameron Linar and tell him where he stands. How dare an ant fight for the moon? If Namar dares to make any moves within a month, the entire Linar family will be killed!

“In addition, the seven great families of Preston, Heather Sage of the Sage Family, and Xana Thomas of the Thomas family!” “Lisa Sheldon, the eldest daughter of the Sheldon family!” “Yelena Clover of the Clover family.” “Lexie Bailey, daughter of War God Lambert Bailey!” “Create a secret file of all the girls who proposed marriage to the Neal family back then and send it to me!” ... The girl in the white dress said softly, her fair hands gently wiping an ancient painting in the study.

The painting was more than two meters long, and it was hand-drawn. In the painting was a white-robed youth who had just turned seventeen years old, standing on the peak of a strange mountain.

This mountain was Mount Bliz, and the young man in white was Braydon Neal.

It was the day he became a king at the age of seventeen. It was personally drawn and recorded by the girl in the white dress.

She was Sadie Dudley.

“I really regret agreeing to stay in Mount Bliz with Old Man Yanagi. I want to go to Preston to take a look.” Sadie said softly to the youth in the painting.

She gently brushed her messy hair away from her earlobes, wrinkled her nose slightly, and said innocently, “What a torturous little brother. He has only left for a few days, and he has come back again. It was not easy for him to calm down, but his heart is in a mess again!”

The Strongest War God chapter 188-Five Billion in Funds Sadie Dudley gently wiped the painting. The tenderness in her eyes was difficult to hide.

Luther Carden and White-clothed Qualls’s intuition was right.

How could the person chosen by their teacher be an ordinary girl? Moreover, he had even given her the death order.

If it had been an ordinary person, the old commander would not have needed to personally give the order to kill. With Cole Colbie and the others' abilities, there was no need to give them any instructions on how to deal with Sadie.

!!

However, Sadie was ordered to be killed by the old commander.

This undoubtedly proved that this girl was not ordinary!

Perhaps Braydon Neal knew a little about Sadie.

Outsiders did not know.

Braydon's helicopter landed at the Preston main team base.

Steve Xavier had already received the news and came to pick him up personally. "Young Master Neal, you're back!" "You don't have to pick me up. Go do your things." Braydon waved his hand slightly, telling Sebastian Wood and the others to get back to their work.

However, everyone in the the Preston main team knew that the Northern King had left the country last night. He had gone to Namar alone to welcome the northern hidden agents back home.

From the looks of it now, the person who had returned with him should be that hidden agent.

Regarding this matter, all the martial artists in the world already knew about it. The news could not be suppressed at all.

The Northern King attacked Namar for 4,000 miles at night, killing several kings, roaring in front of Linar and heavily injuring the commander of the imperial army, Taraz Ross, before entering Linar.

Linar welcomed him with the country's etiquette!

Later Braydon stood in the Namar Palace and pointed his sword at the ruler of Namar, Cameron Linar.

How domineering was that!

He pointed his sword at the current ruler and forced him to hand over the north's hidden agent.

Across the entire world, who dared to be so frivolous?

Perhaps it was only this Northern King Braydon.

Logan Hall drove over to pick him up. On the way to the Neal family manor, he wanted to say something but hesitated. He constantly peeked at the Eldest Young Master of the Neal family through the rearview mirror.

"Logan, if you have something to say, just say it. There's no need to be so timid." Braydon could not help but laugh.

"Young Master, did you really go to Namar last night?" Logan could not help but ask.

Braydon smiled and nodded.

"The Preston main team said that you killed several conferred kings from Namar and killed your way to the capital, where you pointed your blade at the ruler, Cameron Linar." "It's true. With the arrival of the commander, Namar would definitely have to treat him with national etiquette. If they didn't, the northern army's swords would have pushed the battle line to the capital of Namar within three days!" Sammy Dudley sat at the back, his eyes flashing with pride.

Wherever the swords of the northern army pointed, it was Hansworth's land!

As long as Braydon wanted it, the territory of the northern territory would be ten times larger than it was now.

Logan looked at Braydon with reverence as if he were looking at a God.

"Turn around at the intersection ahead. We're going to Preston University," said Braydon.

"Ah, alright!" Logan faltered slightly before turning around and heading toward Preston University.

Braydon had his reasons for not returning to the Neal family.

Last night Braydon had just gone through a killing spree. He looked calm and indifferent, but the fierce killing intent on his body had not dissipated.

The killing intent of an ordinary person was terrifying.

The killing intent on the Northern King's body could hurt people!

If it exploded, it could even kill.

The people living in the Neal family manor were all Braydon's family, especially his sister Ginny Neal.

Usually, Braydon would take good care of her, so how could he bear to hurt her?

Preston University was different. There were tens of thousands of teachers and students, and the campus was filled with youthful spirit. It only took an afternoon to get rid of Braydon's murderous aura.

Logan stopped the car at the school gate.

"Sammy, follow Logan back to the Neal family and prepare these medicines!" Braydon left behind a prescription for Sammy to use to treat his injuries at night.

After saying that, Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and entered the entrance of Preston University.

When the security guard saw Braydon, his entire body trembled, and he secretly made a phone call.

Zachariah Sloan rushed over. He had already instructed the security guards to inform him as soon as Professor Braydon Neal arrived.

"Professor Neal, you're finally back at school!" Zachariah looked helpless.

"What's the matter?" Braydon glanced over with a faint smile.

It was a very calm gaze, but it made Zachariah's hair stand on end. He felt as if he was being stared at by the God of death, and he was inexplicably afraid.

This was because Braydon's killing intent had yet to completely dissipate.

Even though he had already restrained his aura.

But last night, Braydon went on a killing spree, charging into Namar alone for 4,000 miles. He killed anyone who got in his way without mercy.

After going 8,000 miles and returning 8,000 miles, how could the killing intent on King Braydon, who had erupted with his peak combat strength, dissipate so easily?

Zachariah swallowed the words that were about to come out of his mouth.

Braydon arrived at the research building. Yonah Zill led the research team and continued to expand the gravity of the anti-gravity device.

“Chief Engineer Neal, you’re here!” Yonah was surprised.

“Professor Neal, you’re back!” Gunter Bell was also there.

This short sentence revealed that Gunter knew Braydon had left the country last night.

“I heard that the anti-gravity device with a weight of 300 tons has been made?” Braydon chuckled.

“We’ve tested it, and the data is stable. We’ve received the latest notice to set up an anti-gravity propulsion project. The Academy of Sciences has allocated five billion dollars to us. Professor Neal alone will have control over the funds. There’s no need to report the spendings.” After Gunter had finished speaking, his eyes were filled with envy.

One had to know that the research institute was very stingy. Every year, countless projects from various regions wanted to be approved and receive financial support.

In the end, more than 70% of the projects would be rejected.

As such, there were very few projects that were allocated research funds.

On the other hand, the anti-gravity project at Preston University shocked the old academicians of the Academy of Sciences. They did not even want the money!

Last time, he gave Braydon a bonus, but he did not take a single cent.

The people at the Academy of Sciences must think that Braydon was complaining about the lack of money.

However, after the second generation of anti-gravity propellers came out, the Academy of Sciences took the lead and immediately allocated funds to develop anti-gravity propellers.

Braydon frowned. "The anti-gravity propeller project can be established. Return the money." "Professor Neal..." Gunter was about to cry.

The money from the higher-ups had already been sent to him, but Braydon still did not want it.

Gunter really did not dare to take the money back again. The last time he took back the bonus, he was criticized.

The Academy of Sciences had already filed the anti-gravity device project as a national project.

The level had been raised, and the personnel and funds had to be guaranteed. Otherwise, if the research progress was delayed, everyone would be held accountable.

Gunter's face was filled with despair. In his entire life, he had never encountered a situation where he could not give away money!

Ye here he was encountering such a strange thing.

All the members of the research lab stopped what they were doing and could not help but want to speak.

"Chief Engineer Ning, this is five billion dollars. The country gave it to us!" Yonah reminded him in a low voice.

"Five billion. Is that a lot?" Braydon asked with his hands behind his back.

His question stunned everyone.

Yonah held it in for a long time, and his face turned red. "It's really quite a lot!"

The Strongest War God chapter 189-This Person Cannot be Investigated!

“If Professor Neal thinks it’s too little, I’ll immediately request for additional research funding!” Gunter Bell was very excited. He took out his phone on the spot and called to request for additional funds.

Gunter was not worried about the funding; he was worried that Braydon Neal did not want the money!

This was what gave everyone a headache!

The third generation of anti-gravity devices had been invented. As the chief engineer, Braydon was definitely the first to make a contribution.

!!

Gunter and the others were flustered. They could not understand what their Professor Neal wanted!

Could he not accept the honor and reward he deserved like a normal person?

Gunter called someone.

Beep... “Hey, Gunter, is there a problem with the research lab at Preston University?” A very gentle and kind old man greeted him.

Gunter’s face turned red. “Professor Neal said that the money isn’t enough!” “He wants money now? Money isn’t a problem. Whatever you lack, you can ask for it. Personnel, equipment, and money will be provided!” The old man on the other end of the phone became spirited.

He had the same headache as Gunter. He was not afraid of not having enough funds, but he was afraid that Braydon did not want the money.

In the eyes of the old men at the Academy of Sciences, the most terrifying person was the Braydon Neal who did not want any money at all.

He clearly had the highest talent in scientific research, but in the end, he would not appear in the lab for days on end, and he would appear whenever he wanted.

This worried everyone!

They wanted to urge Professor Neal to put more effort into the anti-gravity research project, but they did not dare to!

He did not ask for their funds!

Secondly, he was not using their equipment!

The third was the technology that he was using.

To him, he was not taking anything from them, so why should he work for them?

In the eyes of Gunter and the others, Braydon was such a person.

They wanted to rush him, but they did not dare to. They were afraid that if they rushed him, he would run away. At that time, the entire project would collapse.

Gunter had an innocent look on his face. He could not help but look at Braydon with a pleading look in his eyes, as if he was saying, 'Sir, how much money do you lack? Tell me a number!' Braydon frowned. He was disgusted by this feeling.

Was he looking down on him King Braydon?

Braydon had never asked for anything!

It was like this now, and it would still be like this in the future!

The soldiers of the northern army would dedicate their lives to burning their youth to illuminate Hansworth and bring glory to the entire northern region!

Gunter saw King Braydon frown, and his eyelids twitched. He took the initiative to speak, "Another five billion!" Everyone fell silent.

Did he really think that funding was a cabbage that he could get if he wanted to?

The key point was that the old man from the research institute agreed directly!

Braydon's fingers moved slightly as he took the phone and calmly said, "I am Braydon Neal. Do you know who I am?" The old man on the other end of the phone laughed brightly. "Professor Neal, you're really good at joking. You even said your name yourself. How could I not know who you are?!" "I'm not joking!" Braydon frowned slightly and said indifferently, "Northern army, Braydon Neal! Use these four words to investigate and ask, then come back and talk to me about money!" The call was ended just like that.

Everyone in the research lab looked at each other. Seeing that Professor Neal was angry, they immediately lowered their heads and started working.

At this moment, many people felt that their Professor Neal was really a weirdo.

The Academy of Sciences was here to give him money, but why did he look so angry?

Was it because they did not give enough money?

Gunter suddenly remembered something.

He took out a sandalwood box with a golden medal and certificate of honor. "Professor Neal, this is the Highest Science and Technology Award. There's also a 10-million-dollar prize money..." "The Highest Science and Technology Award?" The Research Lab members were shocked.

This was the most prestigious award in the country!

For scientific researchers, it was the highest honor they pursued.

The number of people awarded with the Highest Science and Technology Award in the country each year would not exceed two.

This was the Highest Science and Technology Award!

In the end, it was quietly awarded to Braydon Neal today.

"Leave the medal," Braydon said calmly. "Return the money." "Professor Neal, don't return money anymore. I'm really in a difficult position." Gunter smiled bitterly. He really did not dare to return the money. Otherwise, he really would not be able to explain himself.

Braydon ignored him and turned around to enter the research room to check the problems encountered by the fourth-generation anti-gravity device.

Gunter was in despair. He could not give away the money. It was heartbreaking.

However, in the capital, in a seventy-two-story building was the Institute of Technology.

Every time a province or region encountered a large project, they had to submit an application for approval and then be allocated funds.

In the research institute, the most exciting project this year was undoubtedly the anti-gravity project at Preston University.

This was a technology that made up for the global gap and was at the forefront of the aviation field.

Moreover, anti-gravity technology was widely used in many fields. The first application was in the aviation industry.

In fact, once the anti-gravity technology had matured, it would not only be used in the aviation industry, but also in the military industry.

Imagine a large military truck carrying an anti-gravity device to transport hundreds of tons of supplies. The anti-gravity would greatly offset the weight of the supplies.

As a result, the truck would be transporting hundreds of tons of living things as if it was an empty truck.

Once the anti-gravity propellers were invented, it would shock the entire world!

At that time, be it airplanes or ships, none of the engines could compare to the anti-gravity propellers.

This was what the Capital Research Institute desperately wanted.

On the top floor of the Institute of Technology building in the capital, an old man in a suit sat in his office with some doubts.

His name was Wyatt Turner, one of the deputy deans of this research institute. He was the one who had called Gunter earlier.

“Northern army, Braydon Neal? Professor Neal is from the northern region, but that doesn’t stop him from accepting funding from here!” As an ordinary person, Wyatt still did not understand the meaning of the northern army’s Braydon Neal.

He thought for a moment, got up, took out his phone, and dialed an old acquaintance’s number.

“Daniel, are you busy now?” Wyatt smiled gently.

The middle-aged man on the other end of the phone laughed. “Dean Turner, you must be joking. You must have something to tell me if you’re calling me personally. Just tell me. I’ll definitely do my best to help.” “I’ve indeed encountered a small problem here. Help me check on the identity of Braydon Neal from the northern army!” Wyatt smiled kindly.

The other end of the phone was silent for a long time.

The middle-aged man, Daniel Xanthos, did not expect the old man to investigate this person.

This was life-threatening!

“Daniel, are you still listening?” Wyatt was a little surprised.

“Dean Turner, you’d better not investigate this person anymore. Otherwise, something big will happen!” Daniel said in a low voice.

In normal times, few people in the country would dare to investigate matters regarding the north.

Because once the north learned of the news, the northern imperial guards would be dispatched, and those who gathered information about the northern army would be brought back to the northern territory. If they did not give a clear explanation, they would be killed on the spot!

The northern army was this strong.

Furthermore, the person Wyatt Turner wanted to investigate was the legend of the northern territory.

How could they investigate such a big shot?

“Is it that serious?” Wyatt was a little surprised.

The Strongest War God chapter 190-There is an Army; Its Name is the Northern Army “If you investigate him, the consequences are more serious than you and I can imagine!” Daniel Xanthos smiled bitterly. He really did not dare to investigate.

It was fine if he checked on others.

However, if they investigated the Northern King, they would be courting death!

The imperial guards of the north were not weak!

!!

If they provoked the northern guards, even the capital garrison would have to retreat.

As mentioned earlier, the northern imperial guards acted like the dark division. All of them had to retreat. Otherwise, they would be killed without mercy if they appeared in front of the northern imperial guards!

Wyatt Turner had no choice but to hang up the phone. Doubts surfaced in his mind.

However, a young man knocked on the door and said, "Teacher, someone is looking for you!" "Come in!" Wyatt looked at the door and his pupils constricted.

A handsome young man walked in from the door. His black clothes gave off a solemn aura, and there was a golden flying fish embroidered on his sleeve.

Wyatt had lived in the capital for fifty years and had heard of some important figures.

There were elite guards in the capital, led by a man wearing a gold-rimmed flying fish robe.

This person was the capital garrison's governor, a top figure ranked in the palace, in charge of 70,000 garrison troops!

Why was this big shot here today?

Wyatt had heard others mention that the capital garrison was very terrifying. Anyone targeted by them would be skinned even if they did not die.

Most of the time, the people taken away by the capital garrison were rarely seen again by the outside world.

Wyatt stood up humbly. "I didn't know that you were here. Sorry for not welcoming you." "Dean Turner, don't be nervous. I'm just here to take a look." Westley Hader smiled and sat on the sofa beside him. He asked, "Didn't you

want to know about the northern army's Braydon Neal? I came here to explain to you." "Who exactly is Professor Neal? To the point where you came over personally." Wyatt was not afraid. He did not do anything wrong, so he was more curious.

Westley chuckled. "You ordinary people only know that there is a legion in the northern territory known as the northern army. Do you know who gave it that name?" "Who?" Wyatt had a bad feeling.

"My brother, the Professor Neal you mentioned." Westley chuckled.

"What?!" Wyatt's eyes widened.

Professor Neal of Preston University was actually the elder brother of the capital garrison envoy, Westley Hader.

With this connection, no one in the country would dare to touch Professor Neal, let alone Preston University.

What shocked Wyatt even more was that the northern army's name was actually given by Professor Neal.

This research genius was probably more powerful than they had imagined.

"But what outsiders don't know is that the name is also related to a person. The outside world already knows very little about the three of us, so they surely won't know about this secret!" "If he didn't die, his achievements wouldn't be lower than us, the three sons!" After saying that.

Westley's eyes revealed a hint of sadness.

Outsiders saw the northern army as the strongest army in Hansworth. Wherever the blades pointed, it was invincible!

However, only the core figures of the northern territory would know how many tragic events had happened in the north.

Wyatt was confused.

Westley chuckled. "I've said too much. Let's talk about my brother. When he entered the northern territory at the age of seven, he became a commander. When he was nine, he became a God. Later on, he became a king at the peak

of Mount Bliz. We call him the Northern King!” “The Northern King?!” Wyatt was completely shocked.

He had lived for most of his life and had heard of these two words in the capital.

This was an undefeated legend.

This big shot stood in the northern territory and commanded the northern army. They were known as one of the top ten armies in the world by foreign military programs!

Each of the ten great armies represented a country.

The northern army could enter the top three.

In recent years, there had not been anyone in the top three.

Therefore, even ordinary people knew about the northern army. Some military enthusiasts on the internet would often compare the combat strength of the various large armies around the world.

Hansworth was naturally proud of the northern army!

Wyatt did not expect that the Professor Neal he was talking about was actually the northern army commander.

This was too shocking.

Westley chuckled. “My brother is indeed the Northern King. Although he is a commoner, the northern army under his command is loyal to the death. Under my brother’s command, millions of heroic men will die without regret!

“He entered the northern territory at the age of seven and only returned to Preston some time ago. For thirteen years, he was nurtured by the northern army. All three of us are indebted to the country!

“Do you know how great this national grace is?” Westley asked softly.

Wyatt fell silent. He seemed to have understood something.

Then, Westley chuckled. “We, the three sons of the north, have been deeply indebted to the country since we were young. Now that we have grown up, we

will naturally repay the country. With our seven feet bodies, we will guard the mountains and rivers of Hansworth for ten thousand years!

“The money you want to give my brother is nothing but humiliation!

“If you were a martial artist, the person who came today would not be me. It would be the capital garrison who would kill you on the spot. If I don’t do it, the northern army guards will come and kill you!

“No one in the world can insult my brother!” ... Westley stood up calmly and left the room.

At this point.

Westley was stunned for a long time. In the end, a bitter smile appeared on his lips. Different identities meant different perspectives.

Wyatt and the others had forcefully given Braydon Neal money and benefits.

But did King Braydon lack money?

No!

In the eyes of Westley and the others, the Northern King was the ruler of the world, yet the things he did were measured by money. It was undoubtedly a humiliation.

Wyatt had no ill intentions.

Otherwise, the capital garrison would have long taken him away and killed him.

After a long time.

Wyatt took out his phone and dialed Gunter Bell’s number. He asked, “Gunter, did you already know about the Northern King’s identity?” “Ah?” Gunter pretended to be confused.

He did not dare to say anything, much less talk about the Northern King behind his back.

“Apologize to the Northern King for me!” Wyatt sighed softly.

The call then ended.

Gunter was slightly helpless. He glanced at the quiet Braydon Neal inside and went forward to say in a low voice, "Professor Neal, Dean Turner asked me to apologize to you on his behalf." Braydon nodded slightly, not caring about such a small matter.

However, a black sedan car barged into the building. The security guards could not stop it, and a person appeared from the car. It was Logan Hall.

His speed was extremely fast as he charged toward the entire research building.

There were plain-clothed security guards in the research building. Their main job was to provide protection for the research lab upstairs.

The place Logan wanted to enter was the anti-gravity research room.

Immediately, seven or eight security guards tried to stop him, but they were all knocked down by Logan's palm.

Ordinary people wanting to stop a warrior level Logan Hall was clearly wishful thinking.

Logan entered the research room with a group of people following behind him.

Gunter was startled. He recognized Logan as a member of the Preston team, and even more so as a member by Braydon's side. He waved his hand slightly, signaling for the plain-clothed guards to leave.

"Brother Hall, what's the matter? Why are you in such a hurry?" Gunter asked.

"Young Master Braydon, Big Brother Sammy Dudley is about to die!" Logan ignored him and said in a low voice.

The Strongest War God chapter 191-Sammy Dudley, Fivefold Poison!

Previously, when Sammy Dudley went to the Neal family manor, although his body was injured, it was far from the point where he could not hold on!

Sammy had been hiding in Namar for ten years!

In these ten years, Sammy had cultivated alone in order to obtain important information about Namar. He had grown all the way to become a War God at such a young age.

Even if Sammy had stayed in the north, he would have been second only to the ten ruthless men of the north.

!!

With Sammy's qualifications, he would not be able to become a commander if he stayed in the north. But at the very least, he would be a top-tier regimental commander, in charge of ten thousand elites.

Such a talent was sent to Namar by the north as a hidden agent.

No matter what, Sammy's life must be preserved!

Logan Hall had arrived in a hurry with this news.

Braydon Neal decisively turned around and took Logan downstairs.

Only that old man Zachariah Sloan had an innocent look on his face. He was looking for Braydon for something!

Zachariah had been following closely behind Braydon ever since he arrived at Preston University, but he had no chance to speak.

But now, he was gone again!

Zachariah, the principal of Preston University, did not even have a sense of presence.

Logan hurriedly started the car and headed toward the Neal family manor.

The car ignored the traffic rules and ran red lights all the way, causing the pedestrians on the road to look extremely surprised. They did not expect there to be a rich playboy driving so arrogantly in broad daylight.

Logan continued to increase his speed as he passed through the bustling downtown area.

It was inevitable that there would be friction in the crowded lane.

At the very front was a Maybach S-grade collector's edition. The slender body of the car suddenly came to a halt. Logan pressed the brakes and almost rear-ended it. He frowned slightly and could not help but sound the horn.

However, the car in front of them heard the horn and stopped the engine. A hand reached out from the window and gave him the middle finger.

This scene nearly infuriated Logan!

One had to know that someone was waiting to be saved in the Neal family manor.

He was a ninth-level War God who had been hiding in Namar for ten years. He was the leader of the eight deputy commanders of Linar and had sent countless intelligence to the north.

Back then, when Luke Yates had entered Namar, it was Sammy who had urgently sent the news and inquired about the situation.

Only then did the northern army react.

Braydon immediately crossed the border with the Northern King sword and saved the life of that little fool Luke.

Nothing could happen to Sammy!

The owner of the Maybach in front was a young man with an expensive watch on his wrist. A beautiful girl sat in the front passenger seat, and her actions were elegant and calm.

"There might be an emergency in the car behind us. Please move aside." She frowned.

"Even if someone is going to die in his family, it has nothing to do with me. I won't let it happen!" The handsome young man stopped the car maliciously and refused to give way no matter what.

Braydon's hearing was amazing. His face was cold, and his thin lips moved slightly. "Knock him away!" "Yes, Sir!" Logan only obeyed orders.

Although he was a member of the Preston main team, he was carrying a cold sword and was by Braydon's side. He was the Northern King's man!

From now on, Logan only respected the Northern King's orders!

The Northern King's words were the Northern King's order.

Logan stepped on the accelerator and the car brazenly crashed into it.

Bang!

The violent collision made many car owners by the roadside secretly click their tongues.

"A car accident?" A little girl by the roadside asked in surprise.

"The price of this car accident is not small. The car that has been rear-ended is a Maybach!" "The person in the car must be powerful!" Many people around were discussing in low voices.

The next scene was shocking.

"Damn it!" The young Maybach cursed. "He actually dared to hit me!" Then, there was another bang.

Logan stepped on the accelerator and rammed it a second time.

The continuous collisions were clearly intentional.

The pedestrians on the roadside stopped to watch the show.

The Maybach's engine was turned off, but it refused to budge. The handsome young man got out of the car, his eyes spitting fire. He looked at Logan, who was driving, and his palm landed on the hood.

Bang!

As the palm landed, a clear palm print appeared with five distinct fingers.

This was an ancient martial arts practitioner.

"Bastard, you deliberately hit my car. You're courting death!" The handsome young man's eyes were cold.

Logan glanced at him, and his thin lips slightly moved. "The Preston team is at work. Anyone who obstructs us will be killed without mercy!" Logan unbuckled his seatbelt and reached for his sword.

If the handsome youth still refused to retreat, Logan would unsheathe his sword and kill him!

The scene instantly fell silent.

The handsome young man actually stopped making a fuss and dodged.

Logan stepped on the accelerator and headed straight for the Neal family manor, not daring to delay.

He was left in a sorry state.

"You were hit. Aren't you going to call the police?" the girl whispered.

"What's the use? Who can control the Preston main team?" The handsome young man could not help but be furious. He could only accept this loss.

He was a martial artist, so he knew very well that the member of the Preston main team who was driving today definitely had an urgent mission, and he could not delay one bit.

Otherwise, with his identity as a member of the Preston main team, he could suppress the martial artists. With the arrogance of the handsome young man, it would not be a problem to bring him back to the Preston team.

If they dared to resist, they would be killed on the spot!

This was the power of the the Preston main team.

Martial artists were naturally arrogant and had the strength to crush ordinary people. As long as they were not disciplined, they would be killed without a doubt.

The girl in the white dress in the Maybach glanced at her brother with her clear eyes. Her red lips parted slightly. "You've suffered a loss!" "He's from the Preston main team!" The handsome young man drove in a depressed manner.

“Fortunately, he has something to do,” the girl in the white dress said softly. “Otherwise, with your actions today, you would have to go to the Preston main team base. That would cause more trouble.” “Then, are we still going to the Neal family?” the young man asked.

The girl nodded lightly. It was obvious that she still had to pay a visit now that she had arrived in Preston.

The black car slowly started and disappeared from the road.

In the Neal family manor, the setting sun shone on the lawn of the manor, making people feel lazy.

Logan quickly stopped the car.

Braydon’s steps were like a tiger’s, his body wrapped in a golden Qilin robe, his expression solemn.

On the lawn of the flat manor, a ten-year-old girl was playing with Heather Sage.

“Stinky Braydon, where did you go?” Heather wrinkled her nose.

Braydon’s cold face revealed a gentle smile. “I just came back from Preston University. Let’s talk about it later.” Heather saw that something seemed to be going on. She held Ginny Neal’s hand and the two girls, one big and one small, went to the small courtyard of the villa.

In the living room of the villa, a young man sat cross-legged. It was Sammy Dudley.

His face was as pale as paper, and blood kept flowing from the corner of his lips.

Tristan Yandell sat behind him, his palms constantly sending out force to help Sammy clean up the poisonous blood in his body.

Drops of dark blood dripped from the wound on Sammy’s wrist.

Heather sniffed the stench of the poisonous liquid and felt a little dizzy.

“Venomous insect poison, Logan, take them out!” Braydon made his move. Purple Qi appeared in his palm and landed on Sammy’s back, replacing Tristan.

Tristan continuously used his strength to help Sammy expel the poison, so he was already exhausted. His entire body was covered in cold sweat.

Sammy regained consciousness and spat out something. It was a pitch-black worm.

This was a type of venomous worm!

The Strongest War God chapter 192-An Expert Makes a Move, Neutralizing Two Layers Poisoning was not a specialty of Ludwig. Many organizations outside the country had people who were proficient in it.

Braydon Neal forced out a cricket with a palm, causing Sammy Dudley to regain his consciousness.

“Commander, I’ve caused you trouble!” He smiled weakly.

“Cut the crap. Who planted the worm in you?” Braydon sat cross-legged, and 99 streams of purple Qi entered Sammy’s body to help him cleanse himself.

!!

Purple Qi was a natural antidote for all poisons!

Sammy said in a low voice, “Cameron Linar’s fourth son from Namar, Camden Linar. He has been immersed in strange techniques since he was young. He has learned the art of poison since he was young. This thing was planted by him.” “Little Monkey, issue the northern military sword token to Camden Linar and kill him!” Braydon said coldly.

Tristan Yandell was shocked. That was the son of Namar’s ruler.

However, Braydon Neal had spoken and given the order to kill.

Whoever belonged to the north must obey his orders!

It did not matter who it was, whether it was a countryman or a foreign martial artist.

As long as he carried the northern killing order, it would not be safe for him to sleep in the future.

The imperial guards of the north were the ones who carried out the Northern King's military sword order.

Coincidentally, at this moment, the guests of the Neal family also arrived.

It was the pair of siblings that Logan Hall had bang into with his car.

Liam Neal seemed to have received the news long ago and went out to welcome them personally. Seeing that the Maybach was badly knocked, he said in surprise, "Jade, did something happen to you on the way here?" "There was a small accident. It's nothing serious!" The girl in the white dress, Jade Jackman, had a graceful figure. Her slender white fingers gently brushed her earlobes and hair, and a smile appeared on her lips. Her exquisite and flawless face could not help but light up the eyes of others.

The handsome young man, Jax Jackman, said helplessly, "I ran into a tough guy from the the Preston main team on the way. I think it's an emergency. Forget it. I can't afford to offend the Preston team. I can only blame my bad luck!" "You think you're unlucky? Since we meet again, let's settle the score!" Logan Hall quietly arrived with cold killing intent in his eyes.

"It's you!" Jax was shocked.

"Jax, do you know each other?" Liam was slightly surprised.

"We had a car accident with him on the way here," Jade said coldly with a frown.

"A car accident? Why didn't you say that you stopped the car with bad intentions and almost delayed Brother Sammy's treatment!" When Logan mentioned this matter, anger appeared in his heart.

If Logan had bumped into Jax's car on his way back, he would have apologized without hesitation!

However, Jax stopped the car with ill intentions and refused to give way, which was why Logan knocked him away.

“Logan, give me some face. This is the first time Jade and Jax are visiting the Neal family as guests.” Liam was somewhat helpless.

Logan could only endure and return to the small courtyard of the villa.

Since Fourth Master Neal had spoken, how could he settle the score easily?

Jax was surprised. “Senior Brother Liam, you’re close to the people from the Preston main team?” “I’m not very familiar with him. It’s all because of Braydon. Come, I’ll bring you to meet him!” Liam was somewhat enthusiastic.

Jade and Jax were indeed Fourth Master Neal’s junior brothers and sisters.

When Liam was young, he took a warlord level martial artist as his master.

This pair of siblings were from the same sect.

The three of them arrived at Braydon’s villa.

Logan turned his head, not wanting to pay any attention to Jax and his sister.

Old Man Zito was sitting on the armchair, lazily basking in the sun. He narrowed his eyes and asked, “What’s wrong? Did they bully you?” “No, don’t worry about it!” Logan sat at the side and poured tea for Old Man Zito.

Old Man Zito was a sly old fox. Although he looked honest and spoke casually, he was a complete old bad egg.

He said lazily, “That girl is a little powerful. She’s a beginner warlord, but it’s nothing. In less than three years, your Uncle Zito guarantees that you will surpass her!” Logan bitterly smiled and poured tea for Old Man Zito.

In the entire courtyard, Logan was the weakest.

Although Old Man Zito looked sloppy, according to Logan’s knowledge, he was at least at the War God level.

In the living room, Braydon had already stopped his cultivation. Beads of sweat had appeared on the tip of his nose.

There was more than one level of poison in Sammy’s body!

Instead, he had been poisoned five times. It would not take him a day to cure it.

“Sorry for troubling you, Commander!” Sammy stood up and said guiltily.

“Enough of that, Commander hates this kind of unnecessary courtesy the most. Those who belong to the north are all brothers. This is the rule set by the commander back then!” Tristan Yandell told Sammy not to be so polite. He turned around and glanced at the door. “We have guests!” As soon as he finished speaking.

Liam entered the room and smiled. “Braydon, we have guests today. Let me introduce you to my teacher’s two last disciples, Jade Jackman and Jax Jackman!” “It’s you!” Jax clicked his tongue. He recognized Braydon as the young man in white who was sitting in the passenger seat of the car crash today.

Like his sister, he did not get out of the car and did not say anything.

Braydon chuckled. “Have a seat. Tristan, go and make some tea.” “Someone was poisoned?” Jade’s beautiful eyebrows furrowed as she looked at the blood on the ground.

“My sister is a famous doctor in the Preston mountains,” Jax said proudly. “Her medical skills are top-notch!” “Thank you for your kind intentions. There’s no need to worry about it!” Sammy rejected him directly.

Regardless of whether Jade had a way to cure the poison or not, Sammy was a member of the north and would not accept the kindness of outsiders.

The guys from the northern army were all extremely proud and aloof.

In front of Braydon, they might be obedient, but in the outside world, they were all proud people!

The only person in the world who could suppress the north was King Braydon!

In the entire world, there was only one King Braydon!

Only he could suppress the northern army!

Jax said enthusiastically, “It’s okay. You’re all from the Neal family. My sister has been proficient in medicine since she was young. With her around, she

can definitely cure you.” “Braydon, let Jade take a look. It won’t take much effort.” Liam spoke.

“Yeah, she can take a look.” Braydon smiled faintly.

Sammy sat at the side and stretched out his wrist.

Jade took out a white handkerchief and gently placed it on Sammy’s wrist.

Tristan was instantly dissatisfied and shouted, “If you think my brother is dirty, then there’s no need to take a look at him!” “It’s fine!” Sammy did not mind.

Braydon raised his hand slightly, signaling Tristan not to cause trouble.

After Jade had taken his pulse, her eyes were filled with shock. “You were poisoned three times?” “Trifold poison? Who’s so ruthless?!” Jax was shocked.

“Is that all you have?” Tristan’s gaze was unfriendly.

“I say, what’s wrong with you? My sister diagnosed that he was poisoned three times. What do you mean by that?” Jax sounded displeased.

Tristan sneered. “If you aren’t skilled, then don’t come and harm others. Take a look again. See if it’s a trifold poison or a fivefold poison!” No wonder Tristan was angry.

Jade was so arrogant, but all she could come up with was a trifold poison diagnosis.

There was a national doctor in this room, and that was Braydon. He had personally said that it was a fivefold poison!

Jade then once again diagnosed Sammy carefully. She was even more shocked. “It’s fivefold poison?” “Sis, is that true? Even a layman like me knows that if he’s been poisoned five times, he won’t live past a day!” Jax was stunned.

Jade opened her thin lips and exhaled a breath of turbid air. “An expert has made his move. With his powerful cultivation, he helped him neutralize two layers of poison!”